

Special Baseball Issue

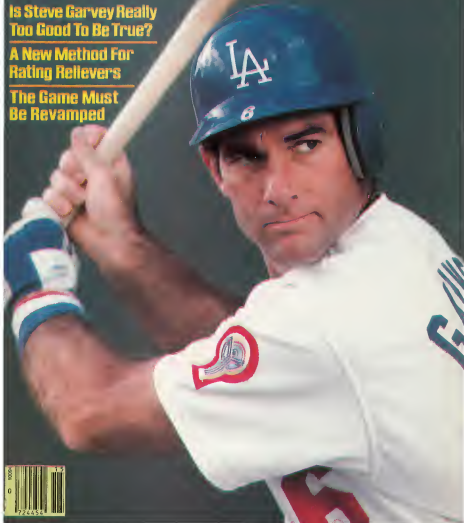
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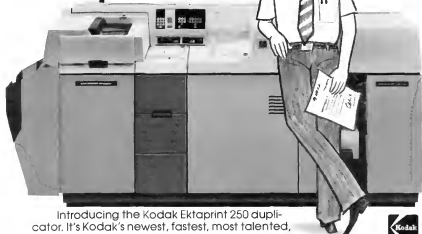
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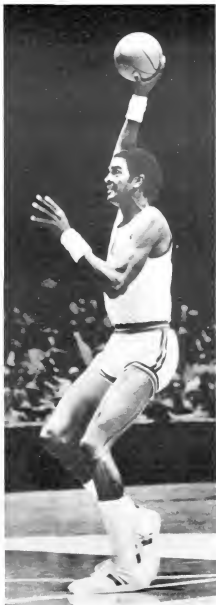
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WHEN HE NEEDED RELIEF, KAPLAN (RIGHT) CALLED ON HIRDT

Suddenly last summer Senior Editor Larry Keith decided it was time to create some new statistics for relief pitching. "There's a plethora of batting data," Keith said to himself. "Teams now keep stats on things like how often a guy hits behind the runner or scores a man from third with fewer than two outs. But relief pitchers are judged solely by saves, wins and ERAs, their importance has far surpassed the indices for grading them. Everybody talks about this problem, but nobody does anything about it."

Keith assigned Staff Writer Jim Kaplan to do something: namely, work out a better system for evaluating the men in the bullpen and write an article about it. The result is *The New Way to Spell Relief*, beginning on page 78.

"Baseball is as fascinating as chess," says Kaplan, "and creating a new formula for gauging relief pitching is like developing a new variation or defense in chess." He found similar enthusiasm among the players, coaches and managers he sought out during the last two months of the 1981 season. "Everybody had a system," he says, "and it wasn't usually a selfish one created for contract negotiations. There was general agreement that players who pitch well without getting a win or save should be awarded some sort of statistical credit, and that relievers who let a previous pitcher's runners score should be held accountable. Our form-

ula reflects both views."

Kaplan devised his system with assistance from America's foremost sports statistics service, the New York-based Elias Sports Bureau, which after three months of research produced the charts used in this issue. There was more to the job than feeding data into a machine. "The computer verified our numbers on relief innings pitched, ERAs and wins and saves," says project director Steve Hirdt, "but then we had to create

a formula for runners per nine innings and look up specific situations—what a guy did against the first batter he faced, what the situation was when he came in. That was the most time-consuming part of the study."

It was also the most interesting. "I kept discovering guys who gave up hits with men in scoring position and were never charged with the runs," says statistician Bob Rosen. "That showed me how valuable the usual box score line for relievers is."

Our system, of course, hasn't been adopted by the major leagues, but we have our hopes. In 1959 Jerome Holtzman, then of the Chicago Sun-Times, created the save statistic and began publishing it in *The Sporting News*. Baseball officially recognized the save in 1969. "The sport has taken special notice of relief pitching for only 32 years, since Jim Konstanty helped the 1950 Phillies win the National League pennant," says Seymour Swifoll, president of Elias. "Now relief pitching is one of the most important ingredients in building a winning team. We feel that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has created something meaningful for understanding the phenomenon. This is a beginning."

Philip D. Howard

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VIEWPOINT

by IVAN MAISEL

SCOUTS STAY PERSONA NON GRATA TO BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME COMMITTEE

Paul Krichell was a catcher whose major league career with the St. Louis Browns consisted of 85 games in 1911 and 1912. Cy Slapnicka was a righthander who, in 1918, got his only major league win. Hardly Hall of Fame material, you might say. Yet these two men represent the best of a breed, those detective-salesmen-psychologists known as scouts.

Each man is legendary in baseball circles, Krichell for discovering Lou Gehrig, Phil Rizzuto and Tony Lazzeri in his 37 years as a Yankee scout; Slapnicka for finding such future Indians as Bob Feller and Herb Score in his nearly 30 with Cleveland. But Krichell and Slapnicka won't have their contributions recognized in Cooperstown anytime soon. The Hall's board of directors has reaffirmed twice in the past two years that scouts are ineligible for membership.

Says William T. Burdick, secretary of the Hall, "It is not so much to exclude scouts as it is the feeling that the Hall should be for the players." Maybe so, but rest assured Branch Rickey isn't enshrined for his .239 career batting average, nor are any of the other 24 managers, owners, commissioners, executives and umpires for their feats on the playing field.

The public certainly hasn't put any pressure on the Hall for the inclusion of scouts. Most people probably never have considered the issue; to them, a scout is the good-field, no-hit utility infielder who couldn't find any other job when he retired 20 years ago. Not helping the scouts' cause is the fact that their profession has been reduced to merely judging talent since the free-agent draft began in 1965. The skills of peddling the team to a boy and his parents are no longer needed, the way they were when bird dogs would flock to the living rooms of top prospects to pitch them on the virtues of their team. That's too bad, because the Krichells and the Slapnickas could sell you the Brooklyn Bridge.

"We used to stage mock signings," says Al Campanis, the Los Angeles Dodgers vice-president of player personnel.

"When [Manager Tommy] Lasorda was just starting as a scout, we put other scouts with him in a room. One acted as the mother, one as the father, and another the player. They had Lasorda in a tizzy."

The hard sell wasn't always needed, though. In baseball's dark ages, before computer stats and jets, a scout discovered his treasure on what came to be known as "ivory hunts." "The professional scouts went into the mountains in the Southeast and covered those small teams and semi-pro teams," says Birdie Tebbetts, a former player and manager who scouts for the Yankees. "It was so disorganized. But they found Tommy Bridges, Schoolboy Rowe, Jimmie Foxx, Al Simmons." Scouts still scout the bushes for prospects, of course, but oftentimes their "finds" are

scouts had to rout out the talent, and the post-World War II era, when they waved fistfuls of money at every .230 hitter in Podunk. Krichell persuaded a sometime pitcher at Columbia University (Gehrig) to stick to first base and, later, a too-small first baseman (Whitey Ford) to become a pitcher. In between, he signed Charlie Keller, Red Rolfe, Johnny Murphy and Leo Durocher.

Slapnicka, who died two years ago at the age of 93, didn't generally have much to say, which is why the speech he gave in 1936 to his co-workers in the Indians' front office was so astounding. "Gentlemen, I've found the greatest young pitcher I ever saw," he said. "I suppose this sounds like the same old stuff to you, but I want you to believe me. This boy that I found will be the greatest pitcher the

world has ever known." In addition to discovering Feller in Van Meter, Iowa, Slapnicka supplied the Indians with many of their best players for years, including Score, Earl Averill, Lou Boudreau and Ken Keltner.

Krichell and Slapnicka, Charlie Barrett, Wish Egan and Uncle Joe Cambria would grace anyone's list of great scouts, as would Tom Greenwade and Bobby Mattick.

Greenwade could qualify just for recommending Jackie Robinson to Rickey. But Greenwade also discovered Roy Campanella, Gil Hodges and Bill Virdon. He is probably best known for his work with the Yankees, for whom he signed Elston Howard, Hank Bauer and Mickey Mantle. "The first time I saw Mantle, I knew how Paul Krichell felt when he first saw Lou Gehrig," Greenwade said. "He knew that, as a scout, he'd never have another moment like it."

Mattick, who recently resigned as manager of the Toronto Blue Jays but remains as a member of the team's front office, was regarded as the best scout around when he covered the West Coast in the years before the free-agent draft. Among his finds were Frank Robinson, Curt Flood, Bobby Grich, Don Baylor, Darrell Porter and Gary Carter.

"Why the Hall won't elect scouts has bothered me ever since I've been on the committee," Tebbetts says. "The members discuss the election of ground-keepers and guys who manipulate the scoreboard. I don't see how, if any non-player can get in, the scouts can be left out."



lost to another club during the draft.

Tebbetts is an advocate of including scouts in the Hall. He has served for three years on the Hall's Veterans Committee, which elects non-playing personnel, players retired 25 or more years and those from the Negro leagues, and sponsored the unsuccessful resolutions to make scouts eligible.

The issue will be considered again in August, when the board meets in Cooperstown for the annual induction ceremony. But the outlook isn't good. "Over the last 10 years, there have been many changes in the Hall's rules," says Hall of Fame President Edward W. Stack. "The board is afraid the public is becoming confused."

Krichell, who died in 1957 at the age of 74, spanned both the early days, when

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ON DECK

by STEVE FINE

COLLEGE HOCKEY'S LEADING SCORER IS A CENTER KNOWN AS THE FLYING BRAID

The slap shot, fired from just over the blue line by college hockey's leading scorer, illuminated the red light in a nearly empty arena. The bewildered goaltender reached back to retrieve the puck. And Kathy Lawler put another notch on her stick.

In three seasons at Potsdam College, in upstate New York, Lawler has racked up 240 goals and 105 assists while her team has won 61 of 73 games. In the sixth game of Potsdam's recently completed season, the 5' 2", 135-pound center with size 2 skates broke the women's career scoring record of 255 points set by Kathy Bryant of the University of New Hampshire from 1977-81. She is one point shy of the men's all-time career scoring record of 346 points set by Phil Latreille at Middlebury College from 1957-61. And she has a year to get those two points. As a freshman, she surpassed the men's single-season scoring mark of 108 points (also set by Latreille, in 1960-61) and later matched by Clarkson College's Dave Taylor, now a forward for the NHL Los Angeles Kings) with 74 goals and 45 assists for 119 points. In 21 games this season, she broke her own record with 93 goals and 30 assists for 123 points. For her career, she has averaged slightly more than a hat trick per game.

"Kathy is on a level that is about four or five stories above 95% of the women playing hockey right now," says Lady Bears Head Coach Brian Doran. "She knows where and when to go after the puck, she uses the boards like no one else and she has great feet. She could be a forward on a men's team."

Which is exactly what Kathy Lawler once was in her earlier years on ice. After whacking sticks with her brother Kevin and his friends on Putz Pond in Fitchburg, Mass., she tucked her hair under her helmet, filled out an application under the name "K. Lawler" and tried out for the previously all-boys youth team (ages 10 to 12) in the area.

"At first, they thought I was just another guy," says Lawler. "Some people

continued



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ON DECK continued

at Webber Lumber [the sponsor] knew me but didn't say anything. I didn't want to do anything against the rules, so my mother and I told them the truth."

And so the mystery guest was uncovered. Lawler, known as "The Flying Brad" to her teammates, led the league in scoring midway through her first season and finished third.

"I heard comments all the time," she says. "People asked, 'Is she a girl? Is she a hippie?'" The macho players said I didn't belong there and they took extra runs at me. I just gave it back with a good check. You've got to be able to dish it out and take it in this game."

Her parents, although concerned about her safety, never tried to dissuade her from playing with the guys. "When she started, she was a better skater than a lot of the boys," says her mother, Jane. And they knew she could take care of herself. Bill Lawler, Kathy's father, recalls, "One guy [in the pee-wee league] told her after a game that he had been after her and had tried to run her three times. Twice he hit the boards and then finally hurt himself enough that he had to leave the game."

After three years with the traveling squad in bantams (ages 12 to 15) and three more with the midgets and a junior high school team, Lawler was still the only girl competing with the boys in the Fitchburg area. Some parents complained, perhaps after Lawler shamed their sons, and wondered aloud, "What's she doing playing here?"

The inevitable tryout with the previously all-boys high school team paid off: Lawler landed a spot as a defenseman. The Fitchburg High School coach, Bill Putnam, a former resident of Potsdam who would later play a key role in Kathy's decision to attend Potsdam, had followed her progress and welcomed her to his team.

In her three years on defense, Kathy absorbed aspects of the game that had eluded her during the scoring sprees of the pee-wee era.

"I became a heady hockey player—I could recognize plays before they happened," she says. "I developed my stick-handling and my slap shot. I became more aggressive as well as confident on the ice."

A separate locker room and private shower awaited Lawler at each stop and she barely heard a peep from opposing coaches. Treated as one of the guys on

her own team, she is hesitant now to consider herself a forger of women's rights. Although many girls have since benefited from Lawler's accomplishment, her goal wasn't to advocate women's rights.

"I'm not a Women's Libber," she says. "I play because I enjoy it. I did what I did for the love of the sport."

After graduating from Fitchburg in 1979, Lawler faced two problems: where to attend college and how to adjust to the non-checking, non-violent world of women's hockey.

Russ McCurdy, the coach at New Hampshire, whose women's team was undefeated from 1977 to 1981, had followed Kathy's progress through high school but felt she wasn't academically suited to UNH. Kathy spoke to Butler Sullivan, the admissions director and hockey coach at Potsdam, and with the blessing of Putnam, she settled on the small state school, a snowball's toss from the Canadian border.

For Lawler, getting used to the soft touch of women's hockey remains a

sticky subject. "It's a different game," Lawler, a psychology major, says. "I miss getting bounced around. I like contact. It's easier to skate now, since checking is not allowed. But I liked playing more in high school where the guys are more aggressive."

Thanks to Lawler, many of Potsdam's victories are wild routs. Against Oswego this season, she got nine goals and four assists in an 18-1 romp. A week later she had seven goals and an assist in a 9-1 defeat of a women's team from Quebec.

Lawler has entertained the idea of playing in a men's semipro league but hasn't received an invitation yet. The notion, though, is indicative of her disgruntlement with the lack of good competition on the Potsdam schedule.

"I can understand her frustration," says McCurdy. "She's head and shoulders above the rest of her team. But she'd just be one of the good players on our team. If she thinks she needs the guys to give her some competition, well, I think that playing against some more teams of

the caliber of UNH is what she needs."

McCurdy may have a point. When UNH played at Potsdam in mid-January, Lawler scored only one goal and Potsdam lost 4-1. "We wanted to show her that this was the big leagues," says McCurdy. Most Potsdam opponents have assigned two and three women to shadow Lawler during a game, a strategy that has inspired her to sharpen her passing skills, but also contributed to her first serious injury. Last spring, while playing in a women's recreational league in Canada, where checking was allowed, she was slammed into the boards and her right knee twisted and buckled. An arthrogram and an arthroscope revealed a small tear in the cartilage at the back of the knee. She now wears a heavy brace, but has no plans for surgery.

Women's hockey is still a developing game and will be even after Lawler finishes her collegiate career next season. By then, the electrical bills in the Potsdam rink may be out of sight, along with her scoring records. **END**

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

VILLANOVA'S JIM ELLIOTT: SMALL-BOY IMPUDENCE PLUS LOFTY SERIOUSNESS

When James (Jumbo) Elliott, Villanova's splendid track coach, died of a heart attack on March 22, 1981, he left a singular void in the world of sport. Like Red Smith, who died less than a year later, Elliott had the faculty of making people who knew him only slightly feel that he was a close friend. He was an extremely successful coach, and he was just as remarkable a personality. You felt good when you saw him, and you looked forward to the next time. At indoor meets this winter, the first without Elliott in more than 35 years, his absence was particularly noticeable.

Now a delightful biography has come along to ease the sense of loss—*Jumbo Elliott: Maker of Miles, Maker of Men* (St. Martin's Press, \$13.95). It is rather pretentiously titled, and now and then it gets a bit heavy with sentimentality, but that doesn't matter. Elliott is alive in its pages, and you feel again his grinning, small-boy impudence, his pleasant needling, his seriousness and dedication, his concern for his athletes, his restless interest in the business of living, his joy in so many things. The book was written by Dr. Theodore J. Berry, a friend of Elliott's since boyhood and a frequent medical consultant to the Villanova track team. And if the doctor's prose falls short of Red Smith's, he nonetheless turns an anecdote with the best of them, catches Jumbo's speech and the flavor of his personality and renders a fine, rounded portrait. The book was begun well before Elliott's death and was supposed to be a joint project. In fact, Elliott and Berry are listed as co-authors, although, except for a few pages of Elliott monologues on coaching, it is a book about Jumbo, not by him.

Elliott was a poor boy from an Irish section of Philadelphia who won an athletic scholarship to Villanova during the Depression. He was a star quarter-miler and a crack golfer (a sport he had learned as a caddie). By 1933, Depression economics and the departure of coaches

continued



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BOOKTALK (continued)

from the campus left. Elliott, still an undergraduate, the *de facto* mentor of both the track and golf teams. He continued as golf coach for the next 30 years and as track coach for the rest of his life. Both were labors of love; his salary was nominal. He earned his living off campus as a salesman, eventually for a company that made heavy construction equipment. In time he became owner of the company and made a fortune, all the while continuing to turn out championship track teams at Villanova.

There are a lot of rewarding stories about him in this rambling book. One of the best gives an insight into the complex relationship he had with his athletes: He was their unquestioned leader while at the same time often an equal, and thus subject to exasperated complaints. Jumbo was famous for shifting his relay personnel around, pulling a man out of this team and putting him on that one, or for having men enter events they previously hadn't specialized in. (At the 1957 indoor IC4A championships he had his great miler Ron Delany pass up his pet event and try instead for a unique double victory at 1,000 yards and two miles; Delany pulled it off and then did it again in 1958.) At the Penn Relays, Elliott suddenly told Browning Ross, an excellent distance runner and one of the first of Elliott's many Olympians, that he would be running the anchor leg for Villanova's two-mile relay team. "Me?" Ross said, amazed, adding to himself, "I hope the other three guys give me a helluva big lead." They did, and when Ross took the baton he had a comfortable 15-yard margin. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to hold off a superior half-miler running anchor against him, and he lost in the stretch. Gulping for air after the race, Ross felt terrible. "I went over several excuses in my mind, different ways I could tell Jumbo how sorry I was because I blew the big lead," Ross said. "Nothing I could think of sounded right, but I had to say something. I could see Jumbo watching . . . and he didn't look at all happy. When I got closer, Jumbo stood up and waited for me. The words stuck in my throat and all I could get out was a frustrated 'Jesus Christ, Jumbo!'"

"Jumbo always stuttered when he got upset, and he was pretty upset at that point. He poked a bony finger into the middle of my aching chest and said, 'Th-sh-that's who I'm gonna have run anchor for us n-n-next year!'"

END

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SPORTS AGENTS: RAISING ETHICAL QUESTIONS THAT RUN FROM A (ARMAS) TO Z (ZADORA)

As Ron Fimrite notes in his state-of-the-game overview (page 40), many of baseball's player agents operate in an ethical no-man's-land. A case in point is Tino Barzile, a Las Vegas promoter who has managed Tommy Dorsey and Frank Sinatra Jr. and who currently manages inflate-a-celebrity Pia Zadora. Not content with having turned Zadora into "the talk of the industry," as he puts it, Barzile, 54, has emerged in the past 18 months as the agent for more than 80 players in the major and minor leagues, including the A's Venezuelan-born slugger Tony Armas and other Latin-American players, as well as several athletes in other sports.

Barzile is a garrulous sort who flashes a thick roll of \$100 bills. In 1970 he was convicted of felony charges involving the use of stolen credit cards to buy airline tickets and received a suspended sentence. Before becoming a player agent in late 1980, he had a hand in baseball as vice-president of the Bristol (Conn.) Red Sox and, he says, as 50% owner of both that team and the Reading (Pa.) Phillies. With surprising candor, Barzile told SI's Franz Lidz that he retained his position with Bristol for seven months after he became a sports agent, although that meant he was working both sides of the player-management street. He also said he still has a financial stake in the two clubs, never mind that he is now the agent for players on both. But then, conflicts of interest are the fashion where the Reading and Bristol teams are concerned. Both are more or less openly run by a Barzile associate, Joe Buzas, even though they are rivals in the Class AA Eastern League; Buzas is president of the Reading team and has put Bristol under the nominal control of a daughter, a move that apparently satisfies the overseers of organized baseball.

Another seeming conflict involves Barzile's friendship with A's Manager Billy Martin, who is also Oakland's general manager. Barzile's big coup as a sports agent occurred in early '81, when he took over a stable of players, including Armas and other A's players, represented by Ben Martin, a Scottsdale, Ariz. lawyer. Ben Martin and Billy Martin didn't get along, which helped persuade Ben, by his own account, to join forces with Barzile. But the two men feuded, and Ben Martin lost the job he'd taken with Barzile. He's now suing Barzile for breach of contract. Meanwhile, he complains that Billy Martin's dislike of him and friendship with Barzile influenced A's players when it came to choosing agents, something Barzile also implies when he says of the Oakland skipper, "I get certain liberties no other agent gets. I sit around his office and talk to him. Pretty soon word gets around." Such special treatment, of course, could make an agent feel

beheldd; in fact, critics say that Barzile has been soft in negotiations with the A's, a charge Barzile denies.

Barzile breezily describes himself as a "pioneer" in the sports-agent business. While most agents take a fee of no more than 5% of a client's baseball-only income, Barzile usually gets 10% of all gross income. Barzile generally signs players to four-year contracts; most other agents work under "authorizations" that can be broken at will. His standard contract includes other novel features, including bestowal on himself of the right to assign clients to other agents. Barzile describes these wrinkles as "spin-offs from entertainment contracts," but Bob Woolf, the agent for, among others, Larry Bird and Carl Yastrzemski, says that theatrical agents may deserve more generous terms because as a rule "they're looking for a job for clients, while in sports the client already has one." In fact, long-term agent ties aren't always standard in show biz, either; to protect its members, the Screen Actors Guild requires that initial contracts with agents be limited to one year.

Barzile's detractors include two Puerto Rican-born players in the Seattle Mariner organization, Catcher Orlando Mercado, 20, and Pitcher Edwin Nunez, 18. It's part of Barzile's *modus operandi* to dispatch emissaries, most notably former A's Shortstop Mario Guerrero, to comb the minors and sign young Latin-American players to complex contracts written in English, not Spanish, a practice Barzile defends by saying, "Mario sits down with them and explains the fine points." Mercado and Nunez are both under contract to Barzile but now want to switch to Ben Martin, whom they say they thought they were dealing with when they signed with Barzile. Both players call Barzile's contract terms overly restrictive and complain about the language barrier. "I had no idea what I was signing," says Mercado. "Mario just said it was a good deal."

Both Marvin Miller and Bowie Kuhn bear some responsibility for the power wielded by today's agents. Miller, the Players Association boss, helped his members win the freedom to employ, for better or worse, agents of their own choosing while the commissioner hasn't always been as vigilant as he might have been in policing improprieties. In Barzile's case Kuhn could, for starters, take a dimmer view of the cozy relationship between Barzile and Billy Martin. On the other hand, Kuhn might invite lawsuits if he tried to ban certain agents just because he deemed them unsavory. The situation is sadly ironic: In seeking protection from exploitation by their owners, some ballplayers may have opened themselves to similar treatment by their supposed protectors.



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A CASE OF ART SURPASSING LIFE

It shouldn't diminish any moviegoer's enjoyment of *Chariots of Fire*, which last week became the surprise—and deserving—winner of the Academy Award for best picture of 1981, to learn that the uplifting, visually stunning film isn't always faithful to the historical record in its portrayal of two British runners, Eric Liddell and Harold Abrahams, who themselves were upset winners in the 1924 Olympics. Contrary to what happens on the screen, the real-life Liddell, a stern Presbyterian who refused to compete on the Sabbath, didn't agonize during the trip to the Games in Paris about whether to run the 100 meters; he knew far in advance that the heats in that event would take place on a Sunday and had long since decided to enter only the 200 and 400. His inner turmoil during the Channel crossing was one of *Chariots of Fire*'s dramatic focal points.

Also, Liddell's sister Jennie was depicted as having her heart set against his running career; in fact, she posed no such obstacle. Nor did she appear at the Olympic stadium with a red rose for her brother. Lord Andrew Lindsay, the hurdler who supposedly yielded his spot in the 400-meter run to Liddell, didn't exist. The U.S. runner Jackson Scholz didn't send Liddell a good-luck note before the latter's victory in the 400. And Abrahams, the gold medalist in the 100, couldn't possibly have been disconsolate before that event over his disappointing finish in the 200—because the 200 was run after the 100.

These liberties would be a sin if taken by journalists or documentary makers, but they're the prerogative of dramatists like those who made *Chariots of Fire*. "If you examine *Richard III* or *Macbeth* or any of those other great Shakespearean plays, I'm damned sure you would not find them absolutely accurate," says Colin Welland, whose script for *Chariots of Fire* won the Academy Award for best original screenplay. (The movie also won Oscars for best original score and best costume design.) "When you write a film script your aim is to produce an effective drama and not to retell the facts absolutely as they were."

In his review in *SI* (Sept. 28, 1981), Frank Deford praised *Chariots of Fire* as "a period piece, lovingly, faithfully constructed by director Hugh Hudson" and expressed the fear that it "may be too perceptive, too evocative for the broad

American taste in sports art." Happily, *Chariots of Fire* may help elevate that taste. When it came out, the movie was expected to gross no more than \$20 million in the U.S. It has already grossed \$27 million, and thanks to the best-picture Oscar, it now may well double that amount. As for its factual distortions, audiences may rest assured that *Chariots of Fire* bears the imprimatur of no less an authority on such matters than Lord Killanin, the former president of the International Olympic Committee, who, according to the English newspaper *The Guardian*, was asked by David Puttnam, the producer, if he liked the film. Replied Killanin, "A lot more than Moscow."

WATERTIGHT EXPLANATION

Why do the Minnesota Twins, who open their season this week in the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in downtown Minneapolis, have rain checks on their tickets? Not, insists Twins Ticket Manager Dave Moore, because anybody expects the roof of the new stadium to leak. Moore says that the continued use of rain checks is a concession to baseball tradition as well as a way to handle any cancellation that might occur in the Metrodome for whatever reason—power failure, a no-show by one of the teams, etc.

The Houston Astros and Seattle Mariners, the two other major league teams that play in enclosed parks, don't have rain checks on their tickets, as such. But their tickets do have stubs that in case of cancellation can serve the same purpose. Those stubs came in handy for Astro fans when 10 inches of rain fell in Houston on June 15, 1976, resulting in flooding that prevented umpires, stadium personnel and some players on both teams from making it to the Dome for a game with the Pirates. Roof or not, that game was rained out. The Twins may know exactly what they're doing.

THERE'S A MORAL HERE SOMEWHERE

Casa Grande High School of Petaluma, Calif. had a 23–5 record in basketball this season, thanks largely to Devlin Jackson, a 6' 2" senior forward who averaged 20.6 points a game and was named the most valuable player in the Sonoma County League. But Jackson was sidelined with a sprained ankle during what turned out to be the final game of his career, an 80–37 drubbing by Sir Francis Drake in the

North Coast Section 2A playoffs. It was generally agreed that the score would have been closer had Jackson been able to play. It was also agreed that Jackson's injury, which he suffered the night before during a moment of great excitement following a 56–46 victory over Petaluma High, might have been avoided. He twisted his ankle when he landed on it the wrong way while giving a teammate a high five.

WHO SAYS CARTER ISN'T A BARGAIN?

He's known as Spaceman, he plays for a Canadian-based baseball team and he relies on his arm for a living, so it's only natural that Montreal Expo Pitcher Bill Lee would be interested in the fact that the U.S. space shuttle Columbia, which last week completed its third flight, is fitted with a 50-foot mechanical arm that was built for NASA by the National Research Council of Canada. It's also natural that Lee would be interested in the lucrative seven-year contract extension just signed by one of his Expo teammates, Catcher Gary Carter. But it takes a very unnatural leap of imagination to link Columbia's robot arm, which is designed to put satellites into orbit, to Carter, who hits home runs and throws out base runners. Which is what Lee did the other day when he said, "The space shuttle got an arm for \$80 million, but we got a whole player for \$15 million." Leave it to Spaceman to do as always, put everything into perspective.

THEY SAID IT

● The Rev. Timothy S. Healy, president of Georgetown, asked why his school's basketball success seemed to cause more excitement in other parts of Washington than in the fashionable community in which the university is situated: "In the immediate neighborhood, I'd take a long guess that the major sport is riding to bounds."

● Calvin Griffith, Minnesota Twins owner, on rookie Jim Eisenreich: "I saw that kid play at Wisconsin Rapids last year. I knew immediately he was doomed to become an All-Star centerfielder."

● Jimmy Davy, sportswriter for the Nashville Tennessean, after Indiana's 94–62 rout of Robert Morris in the NCAA tournament's Midwest Regional: "Robert Morris just got itself 100 invitations to Christmas tournaments." **END**

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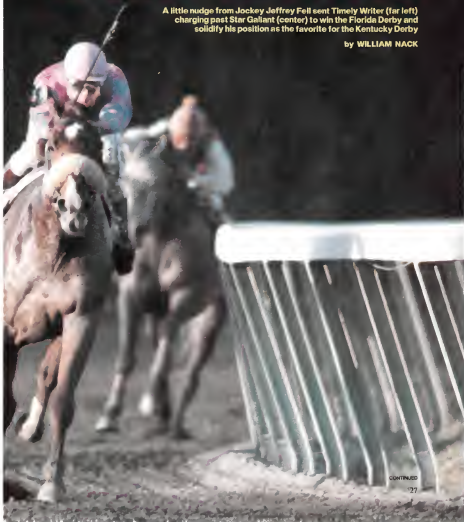
APRIL 12, 1982



In One Fell Swoop

A little nudge from Jockey Jeffrey Fell sent Timely Writer (far left) charging past Star Gaiant (center) to win the Florida Derby and solidify his position as the favorite for the Kentucky Derby

by WILLIAM NACK



CONTINUED



"He tried pretty hard," Hawley said of Star Gallant, but Timely Writer tried even harder.

FLORIDA DERBY continued

Dominic Imprescia, fairly skillfully disguised as an orchid in his lavender coat and mauve tie, wended his way through knots of horseplayers at Gulfstream Park last Saturday en route to the winner's circle. People grabbed his hand and said, "You showed 'em, Dominic!" and "Way to go, Dom!" And he nodded his thank yous and shook every hand.

To observe Imprescia was to see a moment of irony as vivid as the lavender coat. Just five years ago the trainer's license was suspended for two years on charges that horses under his care at Suffolk Downs had been hopped, and during that time he was barred from every track in America. Couldn't even get near a winner's circle. Now here he was, accepting plaudits as the trainer of Timely Writer, who had just won the \$250,000 Florida Derby and, in so doing, had reinforced his position as the very solid favorite to win the Kentucky Derby.

"I love it, I love it!" Imprescia said, heading toward the circle. "He did it easy. Beautiful, beautiful!"

That the race was something of a disappointment had less to do with the way it was run than in the way it finally came up. All week long, there was the expectation that this Florida Derby would be the most exciting renewal of the race since 1957, when the brilliant Gen. Duke smoked Bold Ruler like a salmon, then had him for dinner. This time the winner was to come from among two extremely fast horses, Distinctive Pro and Star Gallant, and the stretch-running Timely Writer. Star Gallant was undefeated in four starts, had numbed clockers with his dazzling works and had his trainer, Lenie Imperio, circling Fantasy Island.

"I think he's as good as Seattle Slew," Imperio said. "That's my opinion. Tomorrow we find out."

In his last start, the mile and a sixteenth Fountain of Youth on March 22 at Gulfstream, Star Gallant had beaten Distinctive Pro by four lengths, but only after Jorge Velasquez, Pro's jockey, had taken back and allowed Star Gallant to set a leisurely pace. Of course, at that rate he was also uncatchable. Trainer Jimmy Croll was so furious with Velasquez that he replaced him with Craig Perret. The pace in the Florida Derby would be fast

and honest, and at the far turn the race would be on.

Timely Writer figured to benefit from any such speed on the lead. But then the scenario fell apart. On the morning of the race, Croll announced that Distinctive Pro had a splint on his left front cannon bone, and so the trainer scratched him. That left Star Gallant as the only real speed horse.

"I'd have liked to see Distinctive Pro in there," Imprescia said. "It would make for a truer pace."

But Imprescia clearly was unworried. Just as clearly, he knew how to bring Timely Writer into a race. The colt had won the 1½-mile Flamingo Stakes on March 6, and Imprescia brought him to that race off only one prep, a seven-furlong affair in which Jockey Jeff Fell saw he was hopelessly beaten and didn't abuse the horse. Timely Writer finished sixth. After Timely Writer won the Flamingo by 3½ lengths, Imprescia worked him a crisp five-eighths in :59½, then nine days later sent him seven-eighths in 1:26½. That was nice, and that was it.

"I know my horse," he says.

Dominic Imprescia has known horses for most of his 64 years. He was born in Fitchburg, Mass., the son of a Sicilian immigrant who laid track for the Boston and Maine. When Dominic was 10, he started riding horses at a neighboring stable, and by the time he was 20, he owned a stable of his own.

He was the chief steward on a World War II troop ship and after the war he went into the used-car business in Fitchburg. A year later he got into racing as an owner. He ended up with five horses, but for the first year and a half he never won a race. "So I took them over," he says. For the next 12 years, he held down two jobs.

"Seven days a week I worked," he says. "You get up at five in the morning and go to the racetrack, then at 10 in the morning you go to the car lot. I used to stay open till nine at night. But I loved to sell cars. It was a good business, with money in it." In 1960 he sold the lot, opened a public stable, and was soon training 25 to 30 claiming horses around the tough New England circuit.

Imprescia became one of the leading

trainers on the circuit—Rockingham Park, Suffolk Downs, Narragansett. The purses were low, the horses often bad-legged and the living wasn't easy. It is a circuit, like many others, in which trainers and jockeys have been known to look for an edge and take a shot. Imprescia denies he ever did, but in 1976 a urine specimen taken from Towers Image, a \$4,000 claimer trained by Imprescia, revealed the presence of an amphetamine. He was suspended for 90 days.

In April 1977, testing on two horses under Imprescia's care—Payne Queli and Safe Journey—was positive for apomorphine, another stimulant. The Massachusetts commission suspended him for two years. "They were trying to make an example out of me," he protests, "because I was leading trainer, maybe."

He was reinstated on July 5, 1979. Two years later, in a stroke of luck of the kind he had never known in all the years he had trained horses, Imprescia began conditioning Timely Writer for Francis and Peter Martin, a pair of Bos-

tonians who showed more clearly than ever on Saturday that he's the pick of the litter. Not that others don't aspire. The same day, the outrageously named Air Forbes Won came off the favored Shintamore's scorching pace—three-quarters of a mile in 1:08½—to win the mile Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct by ¾ lengths. The son of 1976 Kentucky Derby winner Bold Forbes had to battle 40-mph gusts for his first stakes victory.

The next day, Muttering nosed out Prince Spellbound to win the 1¼-mile Santa Anita Derby in a sparkling 1:47½. If you haven't heard of Muttering, not to worry. The Santa Anita Derby was only his second start of the year, and gave him four victories in nine starts. One of his losses occurred last August at Del Mar. "What happened there," says trainer D. Wayne Lukas, "is that when he was in the gate one of the assistant starters leaned over and bit him on the ear to try and quiet him down. But it didn't work and it bothered him so much that he kept twisting his head around."

In the 107 runnings of the Kentucky Derby, no roan-colored horse has ever won, and not only is Muttering a roan, but a roan by Drone. Nevertheless, he should be a solid second choice behind Timely Writer.

For all the fuss made over Star Gallant in the last few weeks, he simply didn't have enough resources to get the job done in the Florida Derby. With Distinctive Pro out of it, Star Gallant had the early run of the show, and Sandy Hawley rode him perfectly. Down the backstretch, with Our Escapade tracking him and Laser Light

right there, Star Gallant appeared to be coasting, but he was only five lengths ahead of Timely Writer. Going into the far turn, Star Gallant was in front by two, but then Fell let out a notch and Timely Writer began to roll. Imprescia loved it.

"The kid's got a good head on him," he said. "They were going slow so he moved sooner than we wanted to."



Muttering was eloquent at Santa Anita.

Star Gallant came off the turn for home still in front, but Timely Writer was already reeling him in. He was making that one sustained run of his, the one the jockey himself describes as "One fell swoop on the turn." Quickly, he ranged outside of Laser Light and galloped past him into third, then loped up alongside Our Escapade and nodded hello and goodbye. Timely Writer hooked Star Gallant coming to the eighth pole, and the two ran together for a few jumps.

But then Fell whipped his mount once, righthanded. The colt drew away, with the rider merely waving the stick in front of his right eye. Timely Writer opened two lengths at the wire, finishing the nine furlongs in a ho-hum 1:49½. But Fell said, "It was his easiest victory." It brought the colt's earnings to \$518,311.

After Imprescia's long hike to the winner's circle, the trainer said, "He sure can run. He's going to do it over and over again." The plan is to do it over again in either the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, on April 22, or the Derby Trial at Churchill Downs, on April 24.

A couple of hours after the Florida Derby, Imprescia's son, Dominic Jr., his assistant trainer, and the colt's exercise rider, Ambrose Pascucci, were hosting a beer party in front of Timely Writer's stall. "He's the champ," Dominic Jr. said. "No one's going to beat him this year. Solid as iron. As long as he keeps the way he is now, he should win the Triple Crown." That could very well be, whether or not anyone else champs on one of Muttering's ears.



Imprescia and his wife celebrated with Fell and the Martins.

ton meat suppliers for whom Imprescia had trained before the suspension. They stuck with him, and now this gifted beast has rewarded them all.

"Anybody in this business dreams of a Derby horse," says Imprescia. "They come once in a lifetime."

So far the 3-year-olds of 1982 are concerned, the bay son of Staff Writer

They're All Wet... And All Right

"Power food" and a powerful psych propelled Berkeley's gutsy crew to a win at San Diego by **DAN LEVIN**



Coach Mike Livingston gets a victory heave-ho into

The University of California coxswain is a 23-year-old senior named Zemsch, Mark Zemsch, which rhymes with, with . . . well, skip it. Ponder now the equally distinctive oarsmen he leads. Forget about their official nickname, the Golden Bears. Think of them as the Mystic Knights of the Sea, with apologies to the lodge Amos 'n' Andy made famous, and pick them up just Saturday on San Diego's Mission Bay. They have just won that city's ninth annual Crew Classic, the odd early-season regatta that is the only occasion all year in which the big crews from the East and West face each other. Drifting beyond the finish line, the air filled with moans and shouts of joy, Zemsch looks dazed. Suddenly his attention is drawn to something in the water beside his boat, to a pair of human eyes gazing up at him from just beneath the surface of the bay. A plastic bag enclosing a camera emerges, followed by two hands and the wet-suited body of a photographer with a new approach to the subject of crew. For Cal, clearly, no other kind would do.

Ashore, Cal's 21-year-old stroke oar, Dan Louis, is asked, "At what point of the race did you think you had it won?"

"Last Thursday night," Louis replies, and he seems serious. He usually does. At 6'4" and 190 pounds he's one of the country's most gifted oarsmen, a national junior sculling champion in high school and the Cal stroke as a freshman. Fresh-

man strokes are very rare, and now Louis is a junior, someone for underclassmen to emulate. He does tend to be serious.

Louis was talking on Saturday afternoon, and Cal hadn't appeared to have the race won until about 10 minutes earlier. On the Thursday night in question, the situation was somewhat different. Cal Coach Mike Livingston was worried about inadequate preparation. Weather had been a problem for Cal, though it hadn't suffered the chilling cold Harvard had endured in the Northeast, nor snow and high winds, like Washington. And Cal didn't have flu in the boat, as Yale did. What had hampered Cal were freakish hailstorms, and before those a week of final exams. How could the Mystic Knights win? Well, to start with, there was Louis' "Thursday night."

Louis had called a meeting, not attended by Livingston, and asked, "Why do you guys want to win?"

Junior Four Oar Chris Huntington, a rhetoric major, replied with something on the order of, "Win? Not just win. Dominate! When you row, your body is pushed to incredible limits. The pain starts to affect your brain and your

willpower. You think that winning isn't everything. But if you think of domination, then, when the willpower starts to fade . . ." Domination became a key word for Cal as race day approached.

Zemsch said, "It started out as a technical meeting, but we wound up discovering how much we had in common."

"We attained unity, and confidence in one another," said Huntington.

"A synthesis of minds and attitudes developed," said senior Six Oar Chris Clark, who has developed nearly religious feelings for Cal. He had rowed two years at Orange Coast Community College, then transferred to Stanford in 1979, but he was so moved by the sight of Cal beating Washington in a dual meet that he transferred again, to Cal. He knew that as a transfer he would be ineligible to row last year, but, as he says, "I had to race again, and for Cal."

Said senior George Livingston, the coach's younger brother and the five oar, "Suddenly we felt that this boat had a destiny."

At San Diego they were sure of it. One of the race posters included an excerpt from a speech given at the Yale con-



Mission Bay from his heavyweights, who include his brother George (headband).

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER READ MILLER

kept journals, too." The people at Cal were sufficiently impressed.

On Friday night, the eve of the big race, Livingston, his oarsman brother and their mother, Ethel, decided to dedicate the race to their father and husband, Jack, a professor of political science and government at Cal State-Sacramento, who died last summer. In the last Cal race he had seen, Cal had lost to Washington in the Pac-10 championships.

On Saturday morning the Mystic Knights of the Sea won a preliminary heat. Later the Cal JV, behind by half a deck to Orange Coast with only 10 strokes remaining, won its race. And after that the Cal freshmen, six seats down with 500 meters to go, pulled past Orange Coast to win theirs. Cal was two-thirds of the way toward its first sweep ever at San Diego.

And now the varsity was in Lane 1, Washington in Lane 2. The Huskies' reputation was larger than life, as always. Literally, Mike Livingston had said, "Our heaviest guy is lighter than their average weight—209." He was wrong, by one pound Huntington weighs 210.

As the race was about to begin, Zemsch was saying, "Remember Thursday night." And then Washington went ahead by two seats at the start. But soon Zemsch was calling, "We're even," and then, "We're one seat up." At 500 meters Cal was two seats up, and between 500 and 1,000 Washington fell a boat length back, to third. Yale, in Lane 3, was challenging in second place, and at 1,250, Zemsch announced, "Yale's coming on." At 1,600 the Elis were only four seats back. But Cal had beaten Yale in the morning heat, and as Huntington said later, "Domination. Domination. I had absolute confidence. I knew when we got to that last 500 that everyone would reach down to their guts."

Everyone did, and Cal led Yale home by half a boat length, followed by Washington, UCLA, Harvard and Cornell.

Later, with the boats ashore, and after many tears of joy had been shed, an old friend of the Livingston family turned to Mike and George's mother and said, "Momma, Poppa would have been proud today, wouldn't he?"

"I'm sure he already knows," she answered confidently, and he may well have. After all, Cal had been working the mystic side of the Bay.

mentement of 1886 by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The speech used crew as a metaphor and ended with two questions: "Is life less than a boat race? If a man will give all the blood in his body to win the one, will he not spend all the might of his soul to prevail in the other?"

Many crews read the excerpt, but it seemed to speak only to Cal. As George Livingston would say, "That outlook extends far beyond rowing. But believe me, we know it will help over 2,000 meters."

And before Holmes, in the hearts and minds of Cal, there was the coach, 33-year-old Mike Livingston. Zemsch refers to Livingston's "Eastern philosophies." "Mike leads by example," he says. "He happens to be a vegetarian, but he doesn't tell us what to eat. Still, now we all eat less meat, and what meat we do eat is power food, not steak from a cow that stood around in a stall."

Cal rowed all winter in the Oakland Estuary, starting off at 7 a.m., and there always seemed to be colds in the boat. Those colds vanished after Livingston's wife, Arline, began greeting the crews, coming off the water at 9 a.m., with steaming bowls of miso soup.

Livingston produces food for thought, too, with technical advice and with the "example" of his unusual life. He rowed four years at Harvard. He and his brother Cleve, now 34, were the bow pair in the eight-oared shell that won a silver medal at the 1972 Olympics. But mere rowing didn't seem to qualify him to coach Cal. Neither, certainly, did his earning a law degree, or his working for the American Civil Liberties Union in Colorado. And when he resigned from the ACLU, in 1978, and went to live for two years in a remote Indian village in Guatemala, he didn't seem to be preparing for anything like his current job.

What was he doing in Guatemala? In his coaching launch at San Diego the day before the race, he was asked, "Are you an anthropologist?"

"In a free-form way," he said.

"Were you studying?"

"Not formally."

Back in the U.S., Livingston heard of the opening at Cal. He had no formal coaching experience, but, as he says, "In four years of rowing under Harry Parker at Harvard I saw coaching at the highest level, and from an intimate perspective. I

The Way To Win A Lot With A Little

In the unfertile patch of California desert called Rancho Mirage, they name the streets after stand-up comics, clear blue lakes rise out of the hot sands like Old Testament miracles, and the son of a Philadelphia gambler entertains kings and presidents behind a mile-long cleaner hedge. One not-so-improbable aspect of Rancho Mirage is the Nabisco (née Colgate) Dinah Shore Invitational, and Sally Little gave even that event a tinge of unreality on Sunday when she shot an astounding 64, the best round of her life, to beat Hollis Stacy by three strokes.

Little's irons kept her close to the pins all day and her putter did the rest. Rarely did she have to make a putt longer than 10 feet, and two were gimmes. She was unmistakably in the zone, or "the ozone," as she put it. "To tell you the truth I didn't know what I was shooting," she said afterward. Indeed, she could do no wrong. Her 76-67-71-64—278 was 10-under on the Mission Hills course.

If Little didn't know what she was shooting, Stacy did. She had carded a 65 on Friday to lead the field by three shots, and added a 71 on Saturday to increase her lead to four. But on Sunday she couldn't buy a birdie. As she scored par after par she could only watch Little, playing one group ahead, eating away at her lead until finally, at the 12th, Stacy was in second place to stay. Later someone asked when it was she became aware of Little's extraordinary round, and the irrepressible Stacy said, "I kept seeing her ass all day, bending over to pick her ball out of the hole."

Both players would have been good bets going in. Stacy had already won two tournaments this year and seemed to have a new determination, as if she had decided to make better use of her considerable talent. A friend said of Stacy, "When Lopez was starting to dominate, Hollis won two U.S. Opens back to back, but never got any acclaim. She was put out by it. Now I think she realizes that Lopez is just one of the field and that she too can be a star."

You put Sally Little in the rich Dinah Shore and have her shoot a final round 64 by SARAH PILEGGI

Little has been improving markedly over the last three years. A month ago she won the Olympia Gold Classic near Los Angeles and she had three other finishes in the top 10 coming into the Dinah Shore. She also had a special feeling for the tournament. "I'm so motivated to play here that I want to practice and get ready," she said. "I don't feel that way every week."

The other great round of Sunday belonged to Hall of Famer Sandra Haynie, winner of the 1974 U.S. Open, two LPGA championships and 37 other tournaments. Haynie's 65 brought her from seven shots back into a tie for second with Stacy at 281. After a four-year retirement, Haynie returned to the tour last year at the age of 37 and had the most lucrative season of her 21-year career, winning \$94,124.

The opening day at Rancho Mirage wasn't auspicious. Drenching rains driven horizontal by cold gusts up to 45 mph swept across the desert, blowing umbrellas inside out and scores sky high. Two young survivors, Kyle O'Brien and Lori Garbacz (pronounced gar-buh-see), both 23, shot 71s and lived to tell about it. "Miserable," is what they said. They were the only sub-par rounds of the day.

Friday was as glorious as Thursday had been rotten. Stacy soared into the lead with her 65, three strokes ahead of Pat Bradley, six ahead of JoAnne Carner and seven in front of Jan Stephenson, newly married to her business manager, Larry Kolb. Nancy Lopez-Melton, after an opening 77, returned with a 71, leaving her 10 strokes back, too far for most folks, but not necessarily for her.

Not much changed Saturday, except that Bradley filtered and Stephenson had a 68, tying her with Carner, four behind. Stacy birdied the last two holes for a 71. Still lurking six strokes back after a 67

was Lopez-Melton, but the gap looked unbridgeable now. "It's a lot," she said that evening, "but you never know."

The joyful competitive intensity of a Little in her winning trance, or a Lopez-Melton, is typical of the spirit in which the pros approach the Dinah Shore each



year. The tournament is without equal on their calendar. The U.S. Women's Open carries greater historic weight, the LPGA Championship is older, and the Peter Jackson Classic has been designated "major," but the Dinah Shore is the players' favorite. It is their Masters without

portfolio. They wouldn't consider skipping it, and they would kill to win it. They lie awake in the dark thinking about it. Stephenson claims she cried herself sick the year (1974) she had to sit it out. Last week, when Carner was asked what was special about the tournament for her, she grinned and said, "Money." But Carner would give an eyetooth and her Honda Trail 90 to win it, and not for its \$45,000 first prize alone.

The tournament was created in 1972 by Colgate's then chairman, David R. Foster, to convince the sporting press and public and, coincidentally, the players themselves, that the LPGA really mattered. Foster put up the then astronomical purse of \$100,000, prodded television coverage out of the Hughes network, and each year hosted a lavish week-long party in Palm Springs for the players and his corporate guests. When Foster was unseated in 1979, however, Colgate's commitment withered and died, leaving the fate of the Dinah Shore after 1981 up in the air.

Enter Nabisco Brands, Inc., created last July by the merger of Nabisco, Inc. and Standard Brands. As it happened, F. Ross Johnson and Martin P.C. Emmett of Standard Brands, which agreed to sponsor the event one month before the merger, were both golfers. "We were delighted to get it," says Johnson, who has since become president and chief operating officer of the new company. "It was a unique opportunity to take on an established tournament. We wouldn't have started our own."

"We had ideas about what we wanted to do," says Emmett, now an executive vice-president. "We wanted to do a first-class job, nothing halfway."

In pursuit of excellence Nabisco Brands spent between \$5 and \$6 million on the tournament and dozens of related activities. It distributed, for instance, 700 million supermarket coupons and bought a Sunday supplement advertising insert that reached 34 million homes, all calling attention to the Nabisco-Dinah Shore Invitational Sweepstakes.

Watching all the commercial activity from the sidelines last week, with a slight-

ly amused look, was Ray Volpe, the LPGA's commissioner for the last seven years. Volpe, who this month is moving on to possibly greener pastures in independent TV programming, took over the LPGA job in 1975 when the organization was on the brink of bankruptcy, and nursed it back to financial health. Combining his own marketing savvy, learned in the National Hockey League, with a fortuitous surge of public interest in women's sports and the long-awaited emergence of a genuine superstar in Nancy Lopez, Volpe was able to increase the tour's total prize money from \$1.2 million in 1975 to \$6.4 million this year and to raise the average purse from \$52,787 to \$168,000. He also set up a retirement plan for his players and earlier this year negotiated the first bonus-point pool in golf, the Mazda-LPGA Series, worth \$300,000 a year for the next three years. Under the Mazda plan, the leader at the end of the year in points based on performance will win a \$125,000 bonus. Second place will receive \$60,000, and so on down to 60th place.

Taking over for Volpe will be John Laupheimer, who was previously executive director for administration of the USGA. Laupheimer has an uncommon asset, a source of insight into the women's game that may be helpful in his dealings with the players. His wife, England's Mary Everard, has had a distinguished amateur golf career, playing on four Curtis Cup and three World Amateur Cup teams between 1968 and 1978.

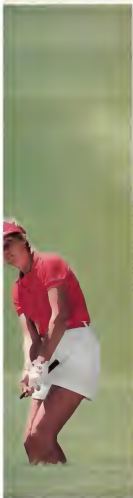
Laupheimer will oversee the tour from the LPGA's new offices near Houston. The LPGA's own golf course, the Sweetwater Country Club, will be built there, along with a \$12 million clubhouse, a headquarters building and a Hall of Fame.

In 1950 11 women professionals named themselves the Ladies' Professional Golf Association and created a golf tour. That first year there were nine tournaments. Patty Berg won three of them, Babe Zaharias won all the rest. No record remains of the purse total in 1950, but Zaharias, the leading money winner, earned some \$14,800.

Last week at Mission Hills, Amy Alcott and Kathy Whitworth, who finished tied for fourth, won \$13,300 apiece. Now that's really unreal.

END

Little had eight birdies and no bogeys as she equaled the tournament course record.



The 76ers: Bridesmaid Revisited

Once again Philadelphia has terrific players and a superb record, but probably not enough muscle to win an NBA title **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

It's getting to be that time of year again in Philadelphia. You know, that time, when strong men stay a little longer in the pubs at night trying to forget; when mothers rise early to hide the sports pages from their children; when along the Main Line bankers and lawyers in three-piece suits wait for the Pauli Local and the inevitable. It's that time of year again, all right: The 76ers are getting ready for the NBA playoffs and their annual rite of spring—coming close to the title, only to find some new and cruel way to lose it.

Five years ago, the Sixers took the first two games of the NBA finals from Portland and then blew four straight. In 1980, the Lakers beat the 76ers in a six-game final round. But last year was even more excruciating: The Sixers beat the Mil-

waukee Bucks 99-98 in the thrilling seventh game of their Eastern Conference semifinal series and advanced to the conference finals, in which they ran up a 3-1 advantage over the Boston Celtics. But it was just a matter of time, as it always seems to be with the 76ers, before the Celtics came back to win the series in seven games and turn Philadelphia into the City of Brotherly Loathe. "We got a little Spanish peasants' proverb," Jimmy Stewart said to Main Liner Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*: "with the rich and

mighty, always a little patience." And with the 76ers, too.

The Sixers won three of their four games last week, losing in overtime on the road to Milwaukee 116-114 and then knocking off Chicago 99-98, Cleveland 135-115, and New York 127-106 at home to run their record to 52-22. The

UPPERS

The 76ers' high-wire act is most effective when Erving (below) is skying and Toney is flying for the easy baskets.





DOWNERS

Fighting for rebounds, Dawkins isn't too mean and Bobby Jones is too lean.



loss at Milwaukee did more damage to the '76ers' psyches than to their position in the Atlantic Division standings, where they started the week $5\frac{1}{2}$ games behind Boston and finished it six games out. The Bucks outscored Philadelphia 11-2 over the final 3:15 of regulation play to send the game into overtime, and demolished the Sixers 52-34 on the boards. With only eight games left in the regular season, the Bucks thus trailed the Sixers by only a half game in their battle for the home-court advantage in the playoffs, where they will surely meet again. And when they do, the Bucks can take solace in their 4-1 advantage in the teams' regular-season series and in having beaten Philadelphia last week without mainstays Quinn Buckner or Junior Bridgeman, who are injured and out for the year.

The memory of the playoff series they

kicked away to the Celtics last spring—not to mention the title that probably went with it—is an especially painful one for the '76ers. "It's always on your mind," says Guard Maurice Cheeks. No doubt the Sixers will be thinking about it this Sunday when they try to knot this year's series with Boston at three games apiece when they play in Philadelphia.

The '76ers and Celtics have been chasing each other for so long that the rivalry has come to involve a mind game as well as the one played on the floor. "It's as if we're playing Philadelphia every night," Boston Coach Bill Fitch says. "Because we know the Sixers are going to win, we've got to win, too."

And the '76ers have won. Over the seven weeks from the All-Star break until March 21, Philadelphia went 17-4, won

10 games in a row in one span and maintained the second-best record in the NBA. The Sixers did all that without starting Center Darryl Dawkins, who broke his right leg on Jan. 17 and missed 28 games. And yet, during those seven weeks Philly fell from 2½ games behind Boston to 3½. Then, in Philadelphia on March 21, the Celtics built a 30-point lead in the third quarter before easing off for a 123-111 victory. That embarrassment sent the Sixers into a three-game tailspin that opened a $6\frac{1}{2}$ -game gap between them and the Celtics.

The plunge might very well have continued had it not been for a team meeting that was called on March 27, the day be-

continued

fore the 76ers were to play in Boston. Julius Erving, the Sixers' captain, summoned the players to his Sheraton-Boston hotel room and insisted that each of them say something about the way the team was playing. "Iron fist, that's me," says the Doctor. "A lot of teams call meetings that don't really accomplish anything. This one was called because we had things to talk about."

Whatever was said seemed to help a day later as the 76ers whipped the Celtics 116-98, to end a team-record Boston winning streak at 18 games. "We were in a psychological recession," Erving said. Winning that game didn't balance the books, but it helped. "I've never experienced anything like the intensity of the rivalry between these two teams," says 76er Guard Lionel Hollins. "The only thing people talk about all year long is

Boston. They say, 'If you can just beat the Celtics, then everything will be O.K.'"

Before the season began, Coach Billy Cunningham was concerned that the Sixers' veterans would cruise until the playoffs. "In the past five years these guys have been to the finals—last spring's Boston series was the finals as far as I'm concerned—three times," Cunningham says, "so getting up for the regular season could have been a problem." But it never was, and though the race with Boston for the league's best record probably had something to do with that, there were other reasons as well. The 76ers have won more games than any other NBA team over the past five seasons, a clear indication of their ability to keep their minds on the matter at hand, and when they weren't testing themselves against Boston, Milwaukee and Los Angeles, they still played at a high level. "People look at us and say we've won so much, where's the challenge?" says Hollins. "But we expect to win, so that's secondary. We play hard every night; not a lot of teams do that. We very rarely play down to the other team's level. This year we're not even worrying about the other teams so much. We just tell ourselves what we have to do, and then we go out and do it."

If Hollins makes it sound easy, it's Erving who makes it look easy. In his 11th professional season and sixth in Philadelphia, Dr. J is still the game's most electrifying player, an abstract sculptor carving wondrous figures in the air. "It's just the nature of his personality," Hollins says, "that he wants to show everybody—even the bad teams—what he can do." Erving, who is averaging 24.1 points a game, is the league's fifth-leading scorer, and though in recent years there have been few of the prodigious solo efforts for which he once was known, he has become a great ensemble performer.

"I think he's playing the best he's ever played," Kansas City Coach Cotton Fitzsim-

mons said after Erving trod upon the Kings a month ago for 30 points (12 of 15 from the field), 13 rebounds, seven assists and five steals in only 36 minutes. "Doc plays hard every minute he's out there. I can't say he's the best, because Larry Bird does the great things, too, but when it comes to being sensational he's in a class by himself. He and Bird are the Batman and Robin of the NBA."

Batman (or is he Robin?) recently turned 32. Reserve forwards Steve Mix and Mike Bantom are 34 and 30, respectively. Along with Caldwell Jones, who will be 32 this summer, and 30-year-old Bobby Jones, they constitute what must be the oldest front line in the NBA, one in which Dawkins, at 25, and third-string Center Earl Cureton, 24, provide the only youth.

"It's true that our front line is getting older," Erving says, "but I don't think it's our last chance. We're very fortunate that we haven't burned ourselves out chasing the championship. This team has been tested; fate simply hasn't been in our favor." The question then is, how long will Sixers Owner Harold Katz be willing to keep tempting fate with the same players? "If the team isn't together next year," says Hollins, "it won't be because of age. This team has been successful, but maybe next year they'll decide what's needed is another combination."

Katz, who bought the franchise last summer, made his fortune with a string of diet centers around the U.S., and already he is considering ways of eliminating dead weight on the team. "We've had basically the same group here for the past five years," Katz says. "How far do you go with the same team? If we don't win it all, I would have to give that question some thought. I think we would have to go a different route."

The easiest way to trim about 260 pounds would be to trade Dawkins, a thought that has occurred to Katz, who last week told Peter Vecsey of the *New York Post*, "For the first time Darryl's finally met somebody who's not going to take his double-talk and triple-talk. I'm not going for that Lovetron stuff and I don't care about one-handed rebounds. I just want him to play like a man." Before the season, Katz insisted he wouldn't resign Dawkins, who was due to become a free agent after this season, unless Zandokan The Mad Dunker improved his rebounding. Last year the 6' 11½" Daw-

continued

More scoring by Cheeks would make all Philly smile.



TODAY'S

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Photographed at Medicine Lake, Jasper, Canada.

kins was only the third-best rebounder on the team, behind Caldwell Jones and Erving, and when he was injured this season he was averaging 7.5 rebounds a game, slightly more than his 1980-81 average. So why did Katz sign Dawkins to a multiyear contract at a reported \$700,000 a season last month? "I'm not saying we would trade Darryl," Katz has said, "but at least teams know his price now."

Whatever Dawkins' shortcomings, the Sixers are happy to have him getting back in shape for the playoffs. They were 21-7 without him, but that is not to suggest that the 76ers are a better team without him. "When you get into the gladiator circle of the NBA playoffs, where it's strength against strength," says Fitzsimmons, never a Chocolate Thunder clapper, "I like Philly's chances a lot better with Dawkins." The 76ers start their best defensive lineup with Caldwell Jones in the middle, but neither Caldwell nor Bobby Jones is muscular enough to carry the rebounding without considerable relief. Following his return March 24, Dawkins struggled until last Friday's 15-point, 11-rebound performance against Cleveland. "My jump shot's in Jamaica Got to send it a plane ticket to get it back by Friday," Dawkins had said. Air express delivered just in time.

For a while it looked as if 45-year-old Wilt Chamberlain might be the Sixers' savior. Katz wooed Wilt for two weeks in January before Chamberlain cited remarks by Erving and Cunningham to the effect that Wilt would disrupt the team. "It was a real tribute to be asked back," Chamberlain said. "Most of the guys in the Hall of Fame are already dead."

Having Chamberlain aboard would have solved one of the 76ers' perennial headaches: poor home attendance. A crowd of merely 6,704 showed up for that seventh game against Milwaukee last season. This year the Sixers sold just 3,000 season tickets (compared to the Celtics' 12,965), and have had only four full houses (in contrast, the Celts have sold out the Boston Garden 63 straight games). Last week at halftime of the Chicago game, a man was suspended over the Spectrum floor in a straitjacket with a 16-foot python wrapped around him—and only 10,887 fans were on hand.

Although this year's average attendance is up from 11,448 to 12,193, Katz feels something may be missing in the

makeup of his team. "I think controversy does draw fans in Philadelphia," he says, "and we're not controversial. I'm not saying that I'm for controversy or that I want Billy starting fights with guys, but on the other hand. . . ."

"This team is definitely an extension of the personality of the players," says Erving, himself the mildest of personalities. "We don't try to overpower teams, although we could do that. Ours is a rather conservative approach, but that's the way Billy wants it."

Physically aggressive teams like Boston, Seattle, Milwaukee and even Los Angeles give the finesse-is-best 76ers fits. "Our guys are too nice," Katz complains. "Check it out. Our team leads the league in picking up guys off the floor." This lack of a killer instinct wasn't one of the problems discussed in the team meeting. "It's a team of a lot of older veterans," Guard Clint Richardson says, "and we have kind of a laid-back attitude. Everybody on this team's such a gentleman. We don't have any dirty, nasty guys like Boston does. When those guys get ahead, they just keep thumping. We don't do that."

Occasionally, the 76ers' lack of strong personality hurts the team. Cheeks, for instance, is so painfully shy that he sometimes finds it difficult to assert any leadership when Erving is on the floor. And yet Cheeks is certainly one of the NBA's most gifted playmaking guards; at week's end he was second in the league in steals (2.61) and third in assists (8.5). And Caldwell Jones is so selfless at times that occasionally he isn't a factor in games. Jones has a nice outside shot for a man 7' 1", but Cunningham often has to remind him to take it, especially when Andrew Toney is on the floor.

Toney, a 6' 3" guard, who first drew attention to himself by scoring 35 points in a playoff game last year against (who else?) Boston, has become one of the most effective reserves in the league. He scores 16.8 points a game, more than any other non-starter in the NBA and second

only to Erving on the 76ers. "He's one of the chosen ones," Erving says. "He has the ability that will one day make him one of the top 10 players in the league. You see overnight sensations and flashes in the pan, but here's someone who can do it all the time."

Toney scored 46 points against the Lakers on national television to help Philadelphia to a badly needed 119-113 victory on March 7. He made 21 of 29 shots and scored 20 points in the fourth period when the 76ers were rallying from



Dawkins is back in view, if perhaps not in shape.

a 12-point deficit. "What Andrew did in the fourth quarter," said the Grammy Award-winning saxophonist and 76er fanatic Grover Washington Jr., who had performed the national anthem before the game, "was no different than what any performer tries to do in the late stages of a concert. . . . You just take it to the audience."

And all over Philadelphia, from Fishtown to Bryn Mawr, the audience is waiting. It's that time of year again, and the concert is about to begin.

END

BASEBALL | 1982

Like an old car with too many miles on it, baseball broke down last year, and some observers thought it might never again run with its old zip. But that was far too gloomy a diagnosis. From the evidence of record spring training crowds, of healthy advance ticket sales, of the general mood of optimism and relief that fans across the land are expressing, the game seems to be running at full throttle once more. "I'm a great reader of my

It's Time To Overhaul The Grand Old Game

An effort to modernize baseball's outdated organizational machinery could have far-reaching effects both on and off the playing field

by Ron Fimrite

mail," says Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, "and I haven't received one negative letter in months. I think that's a straw in the wind." The infamous strike of '81 didn't consign the game to the junkyard. Indeed, it's almost as if nothing at all had happened to the tin lizzy that has been pattering over rocky roads for more than a century.

But that's not quite true. The strike that shut down baseball for eight weeks last summer has, in fact, inspired a veritable orgy of self-examination by the game's leaders. And some young Turks among the owners are urging hidebound

traditionalists to set aside old prejudices and set to work streamlining administrative machinery that resembles nothing so much as a Rube Goldberg contraption. "As has been said, we shape our buildings and they shape us," says Oakland A's President Roy Eisenhardt. Eisenhardt is co-chairman, with Dodgers President Peter O'Malley, of the restructuring committee that is examining as never before the way the game is run. "We're not trying to solve all of baseball's problems," says Eisenhardt. "We're trying to design a building we can live in. We're trying to make sure the building itself isn't a fac-





Eisenhardt (lower left) and his committee may redesign the roles of Commissioner Kuhn and presidents MacPhail and Feeney.

tor in the troubles we've experienced."

The feeling among Eisenhardt and other owners relatively new to the game, such as Edward Bennett Williams of Baltimore and Eddie Chiles of Texas, is that baseball cannot afford to go on as it has. Considering ever spiraling costs and players' salaries—the players estimate the average is \$230,000 a year; the owners say it's \$255,000—"afford" is the operative word. As a business, baseball is as different now from what it was only 15 years ago as CBS is from WKRP.

If nothing else, the strike exposed the commissioner's office for the anachro-

nism it has become. It is an office, says Eisenhardt, "that, like the doughnut, is defined by its hole." Kuhn, supposedly the game's leader and its spokesman in times of crisis, virtually disappeared during the strike. In his stead, as a sort of neo-commissioner, stood Ray Grebey, director of the Player Relations Committee, a corporation created by the owners for the express purpose of dealing with the increasingly powerful Major League Baseball Players Association, captained by the redoubtable Marvin Miller.

Grebey was accorded enormous power during the strike as the owners' negoti-

ator, and he saw himself as being beyond criticism by his constituents. "In a collective bargaining situation," says Grebey, "you can have only one spokesman." So if someone suggested, as Milwaukee General Manager Harry Dalton did, that maybe the PRC should be more concerned with compromise than victory, the wrath of his colleagues descended upon him. Dalton was fined \$50,000 by the owners' disciplinary committee for his supposedly divisive remarks. The fine

continued

was later rescinded, but the whole experience left Dalton with the uneasy sensation that the PRC was a power unto itself. "I don't think we should eliminate the use of professionals in labor relations," he said during spring training. "But I don't think the PRC should be a separate body. I think it should be incorporated into the commissioner's office."

"The most important question we have today—player relations—now lies outside the commissioner's office," says Eisenhardt. And so, he adds, does the game's marketing arm, which generates important revenue through the licensing of products and the production of promotional films. The restructuring committee is investigating the possibility of placing both of these functions under the commissioner's wing. Not surprisingly, Kuhn is in favor of broadening his office's authority. "We need a strong commissioner now more than ever," he says. "The forces that have divided us are stronger than ever. The Player Relations Committee did what it was authorized to do during the strike. What was missing from the equation was the ability to involve the 26 clubs more intimately in the central issues." Gag rules and secrecy don't make that sort of involvement easy.

The rivalry between the two major leagues is an important baseball tradition, and even the most radical of the game's reformers would seek to preserve it—at least on the playing field. "Our leagues have their own identities," says Eisenhardt. "The only way I can tell the NFL's conferences apart is that one is on NBC and the other is on CBS." Rivalry is one thing, but the game suffers when one league plays with 10 men and the other with nine and one has 14 teams and the other 12. Under the present setup, the leagues don't necessarily even have to play the same number of games, although they must start and end their seasons at the same time. Many a baseball commissioner has dodged a tricky policy question by proclaiming, "That's a league matter." There's a feeling now among the game's progressives that there are far too many "league matters"—issues that might better be dealt with by the club owners' acting as a body. The commissioner himself must be elected by a three-

fourths majority in each league. A candidate could conceivably have 22 votes and not win the election if the four owners who opposed him happened to be from the National League.

Of the two leagues, the National is considered the more conservative, primarily because of its repeated rejection of the designated hitter rule and its refusal to expand since 1969. A good argument can be made, of course, that the American League is dead wrong on both of these issues. But the so-called senior circuit is also the league of such conservative factions as the Busch family of St. Louis and the management of the Cincinnati Reds. The National League owners, says the Orioles' Williams, "are locked in cement on many ideas. They move very, very reluctantly. I think it was a long time before any of them had inside plumbing. Hopefully, this will change." It may with the infusion of new blood in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. And it certainly will if the reformers sap it—and the American League, as well—of its separate powers. This is a prospect that obviously pleases neither National League President Chub Feeney nor American League President Lee MacPhail. In general, they have used their power wisely and efficiently but at times

they have also opened themselves to criticism when they failed to act forcefully on matters like the aftermath of the umpires' strike and on-field violence. The game can no longer afford a bifurcation of authority that can stymie legitimate progress. The owners, National and American alike, must realize they are partners as surely as they are rivals.

Which is not to say that the current make-up of the leagues should be scrapped, as has been proposed by some deep thinkers, in favor of a new alignment drawn along geographical lines. This change would have the virtue of establishing supposedly natural rivalries between, say, the Yankees and the Mets, the White Sox and the Cubs, the Angels and the Dodgers and the Giants and the A's. It would also do away with the absurdity of a Southeastern city like Atlanta being in somebody's "western" division. Most important, it would cut down on transportation costs. But it would make a mockery of tradition, and some things deserve to remain sacred.

A three-division system in each league is a more distinct, if no less depressing, possibility. This proposal could have the support of the players, who rather enjoyed the extra minipayout money they made last year and wouldn't reject it on



Despite fears that the 1981 strike would drive fans away, they're back in droves.

an annual basis. Fan interest is another matter. The average attendance at the 18 miniplayoff games was 43,755, as compared to 50,205 for the two League Championship Series and 56,347 for the World Series.

Baseball's most unnerving problem is the imbalance of economic power that's nearly as old as the game itself, and public awareness of it has been heightened by the advent of free agency. Some teams, the Yankees for one, pay out more in player salaries than many others take in in gross revenue. When the Mets signed George Foster and the Expos signed Gary Carter to contracts that will pay the players nearly \$2 million a season, there were shudders in front offices across the nation. Significantly, Montreal and the Mets have local television and radio contracts many times more lucrative than, say, Seattle's.

Baseball cannot work up a national television contract the equal of the NFL's, which will pay each member team more than \$14 million a year. "It's duck soup for them," says Kuhn. "But they have eight home games. We have 81." Cable television, a force in the near future, might represent a source of revenue sharing, and, to be sure, the owners have a revenue sharing committee. "Revenue sharing may be creeping socialism," San Diego Padre President Billard Smith has said. "But it's better than creeping bankruptcy."

Meanwhile, the owners are watching with considerable interest the so-called Cincinnati experiment, which involves shoring up the farm system so that young talent is available to replace established stars, like Foster and Pete Rose, when their salary demands exceed the team's willingness or ability to pay. Marvin Miller feels the owners are already conspiring to beat the free agent system by offering contracts not appreciably different from those tendered free agents by their former teams. Nevertheless, player salaries have increased by upwards of 20% since last year.

A concern common to owners and players alike is the proliferation of player agents, many of whom are less than competent and honorable. "Some players are going right down the tube with some of these guys," says Grebey. "This is political dynamite for Marvin."

Miller sighs in agreement. "We did open the doors," he admits. "Before the

1970 Basic Agreement, the owners refused to talk to anyone but the players. The Basic Agreement that year established a player's right to be represented. On balance, I think I can still defend the system, but I'm not too pleased with the side effects." Miller's office plans to send detailed questionnaires to all identifiable agents asking them to give their background, experience, proposed services and fees. He has run seminars for agents on the dos and don'ts of representing players, and for players facing salary arbitration Miller is considering recruiting agents of his own who are specially versed in these proceedings. "You can't use a broad brush," he says. "Some agents are capable and conscientious. Some are anything but. The Players Association has no authority to license them."

Miller will not have to contend with such problems much longer. He has asked the players to find a replacement for him by next year at the latest. After 16 contentious and victorious years, he's retiring, concerned that some owners will think his absence will weaken the union. "My leaving has the potential of leading to another one of their misadventures about the players' resolve," Miller says. "On the other hand, if they are finally convinced that the players can't be broken, the chances are good that for many years we will not go the route taken last year and that future negotiations can be conducted reasonably and progress can be made on a peaceful basis."

Kuhn's contract expires on Aug. 12, 1983, and he says, "I'm no blushing violet. I'll be available." He's especially enthusiastic about the expanded powers the restructuring committee is contemplating for his office. But if genuine progress is to be made, particularly in the area of player relations, a fresh face at the top might better serve the game. Kuhn has his enemies now among the owners, although one of his former critics, Williams, recently recanted. "I've come to believe that the commissioner's job is a difficult one," Williams said. "I've been unfair at times and I regret it. There are so many conflicts in interests and so many traditionalists opposed to change



Grebeys and Miller's differing points of view made a strike an inevitable collision.

pulling at the commissioner in different directions. He's the commissioner of the whole game, not just the people I share a common view with." Kuhn has worked well enough within the authority granted him. But baseball desperately needs new vigor and independent thinking at the very top.

There are encouraging signs that some of the new owners, notably Eisenhardt and the Haas family in Oakland, have the kind of vision necessary to get the old jockey rolling again. In the past, baseball's troubles have been caused by a lethal mixture of shortsightedness and hardheadedness. The owners generally have not been able to agree on anything except their common dislike of Miller and the Players Association. The players, for their part, seem oblivious to the game's real economic problems and have tended to regard all owners as grasping. These two conflicting forces, unfettered by a powerless commissioner, have sought only to defeat each other.

So a new season begins, this time with the turmoil in the background and the competition on the field. Let's play ball. The whole season this time, if you please.

The scouting reports on pages 54 to 77 were written by Bruce Anderson, Ron Fiarino, Jim Kaplan, Douglas S. Looney and Steve Wolf. The accompanying statistics were provided by Bill James, the author of The Baseball Abstract 1982.

CONTINUED

Is this going to be another story about the white knight in shining armor?" an old friend asked Steve Garvey.

"No, no," the old knight replied. "Those days are over. The horse has been shot. I'm a foot soldier now."

The horse has been shot. The white knight's a foot soldier now. That's not bad. In fact, it's about as good a way as any to begin telling the story. But it's a hard curve, and it comes in hanging: with guilt and frustration, nostalgia and remorse, and finally with clearing a whole marriage out of a dream house overlook-

As Always, A Man Of Principle

Anguished by the dissolution of his marriage and nettled by scoffers at his ideals, Steve Garvey soldiers on

by William Nack

ing the San Fernando Valley, out of closets and drawers, and packing it, piece by piece, photo album by photo album, into large cardboard boxes.

This was in February. With the house sold, the divorce in the works, with another spring training and baseball season about to begin, Steve and Cyndy Garvey returned to Calabasas Park to close the home they had built together. There wasn't much to say, but in the gloaming there were all those drawers to be opened, windows flung open to the past: 2½ years of courtship, 10 years of marriage, two children, four grandparents, almost a decade of celebrity—his for nine years as the durable, hard-hitting first baseman of the Los Angeles Dodgers, hers as Mrs. Steve Garvey and a local television talk-show hostess. That's a lot of pictures.

But there were a lot of drawers. There were wedding pictures and mug shots and baby pictures of the girls—Krisha Lee, now 7, and Whitney Alyse, now 5—and pictures of the trips to Hawaii and Santo Domingo and such. Pictures of Steve and the girls at their first player's

family game at Dodger Stadium. Pictures of Cyndy on TV. Pictures of the first apartment they had in Playa Del Rey (circa 1971). Pictures of the first home they owned in Calabasas, a tri-level (circa 1973).

In one drawer Steve found the sweater, green and white, that he remembered her wearing as she walked with him one snowy night in the light shining from the windows of a building at Michigan State, where they had met. Another drawer produced the sales slip of the Eldorado,





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ BLUSTMEIER

through it. It was the most emotional, draining period of my life."

The web (failure): "No one feels more human than I do. I failed. Of course I failed. I had never failed before. It's not failing for the first time, it's failing at what I've thought to be the single most important thing we can do in life."

The spider (guilt): "I do feel a guilt... a lot of frustration and guilt."

The fly (himself): "I guess we all think it couldn't happen to us until it does. But maybe certain things were meant to be in life that we don't always have an answer or reason for. Just like I didn't. No answers. Only questions... I want that sense of guilt to go away... You can only hurt somebody so long. I'm essentially restructuring my life now so she has the freedom to be herself, unaffected by what I do."

A bit thin for a dossier on a white knight, perhaps, but nonetheless Steven Patrick Garvey, at age 33, has arrived very suddenly at the middle years, when it's time to spare the kids, cut the losses and look for an apartment in the city, when the career is peaking and there are choices, never before considered, to be made. In fact, he will be living alone this year in a town house in MountainGate, northwest of downtown L.A. A year from now, he may be living in an apartment overlooking Central Park and playing first base for the Yankees. He doesn't know. He is in the last year of a six-year, \$2 million contract, which will pay \$360,000 this season. That makes him the most dramatically underpaid player in baseball. Garvey wants to retire a Dodger, but he isn't sure they want him badly enough to do what it takes to keep him.

Five years ago, when he signed his last contract, Garvey had a home in the Valley and a career in the Ravine, and all signs pointed to forever. He was, more than any other player, a professional Dodger. Garvey has never asked to renegotiate his old contract and only seeks "parity" in a new one. Nowadays, for a player of his stature—a .303 lifetime average, 945 consecutive game appear-

continued

baby blue and white, that he bought on their eighth wedding anniversary, in 1979. And there was the letter that set him to recalling dimly the night in 1973 when he came home from a road game in Santo Domingo, where he was playing winter ball, and found her stirring laundry in a tub with a nine-iron. "You should be using a two-iron," he had said at the time. "Less drag."

Garvey has a sense of humor, but not at the moment of his unraveling.

"Every drawer had memories," he

says. "It was like a cassette of the last 10 years. It was like going back on rewind, then fast forward to the present, then back on rewind, then fast forward. Ten years of it... It takes you right back. The nostalgia. And then the reality would set in. You can't go back. The memories will never go, but you can't go back to what once was. Sure there were tears, throughout the week, for different reasons. They were the toughest days of my life. There's no way you can know how emotional that is unless you've been

ances, and in a normal season 200 hits, 25 home runs, 100 RBIs—that means at least \$1.5 million a year.

"I don't know what it means," says Al Campanis, the Dodger vice-president.

Some Dodgers are already concerned. "I hope the organization doesn't do something foolish and let him go," says Outfielder Dusty Baker.

Whatever else all this means, it signifies to Garvey that he is facing an uncertain passage in his life, professionally as well as personally. What had seemed so unshakably certain and secure just four years ago has gone the way of his horse.

"I really don't know what's going to happen," he says.

No matter. What he knows in the spring of 1982 is that he hasn't felt so good about being a Dodger since 1973, the year he made the starting team. "Professionally, I'm going to feel more comfortable than I ever have with the makeup of the team," he says. "I'm as comfortable on this team as any I've played on." It will be a clubhouse in which he feels more at ease, because it no longer includes three men with whom he didn't get along: Second Baseman Davey Lopes (traded to Oakland) and Outfielder Reggie Smith (signed by San Francisco as a free agent) left this year, and Pitcher Don Sutton, with whom Garvey had a clubhouse fight in 1978, went to the Astros as a free agent last season.

Also, the resolution of his marital

problems has left him with a sense of relief and a clearer perception of who he is than he has ever had before. "I have played well, but maybe I can do better, simply by being at peace with who I am and what I am and where I am, in the summer of '82," he says. "This is the summer of my career. It's no longer the spring, and it's not quite the fall. At 33, I'm an adult. I'm a mature man, who has finally reached an inner peace about what I'm doing and where I'm going. Secure in who I am, secure because in the past I've had to question it because others have. I've gone through it. I've come to terms with the detractors, with idealism, with reality, and I am now the person I want to be."

The person he is, of course, is the one he has always been, even if many people—teammates, the media—never really appreciated it. Garvey was born in Tampa on Dec. 22, 1948. His father, Joseph, and his mother, Mildred Winkler, met and married on Long Island but soon moved to Tampa to help her parents open a motel. After Steve was born, his father found a job as a Greyhound bus driver. Many things serve to demarcate the son, to be sure, but among the most formative circumstances of Garvey's youth was the fact that Steve grew up an only child, unburdened by sibling rivalries but also deprived of the opportunity to learn how to cope with such conflicts and jealousies as arise within a large fam-

ily. Also, like many only children, he felt he had missed something.

"I used to see friends with sisters and I'd say, 'It would be nice to have a sister,'" Garvey says. "I always had a certain amount of chivalry." He saw himself coming to her defense. "It would have been an opportunity to share," he says.

Because his father was frequently away Steve spent a good deal of time with his mother, whom he describes as the "disciplinarian" in the family. He was an exemplary child: clean, controlled, orderly, courteous, thoughtful and responsible. His room was spotless. "It was like no one lived there," Mildred Garvey says. "If something was moved, he knew that someone had been in his room." He said "yes sir" and "no sir."

"You never had to push him into anything," Joe Garvey says. "He shook hands with people, even as a little boy." He mowed the lawn, washed the family car, took out the garbage, helped with the dishes. You never had to ask him.

When Steve was 10, Mildred's father died and Steve's widowed grandmother, Mae, moved in with them. She was a semi-invalid. By then Mildred was working at an insurance agency, so Steve took care of Mae after school. They had a signal. If she needed him when he was out playing, she turned on the front-porch light, and he would dash home. He vacuumed for her, learned how to cook, helped her in the bathroom. "I helped her any way I could," he says. "It was part of being a Garvey, the son of Joseph and Mildred Garvey."

When Joe started driving the Dodgers around Tampa during spring training, Steve became the Dodger bat boy, at age seven. Every spring he rode the bus. "He came home at night, he was so high he couldn't eat," Joe says. No single experience of his youth impressed him more powerfully: Gil Hodges, Pee Wee Reese, the banter, the bats and gloves.

"I enjoy letting a 7-year-old boy carry my bats to the field because he'll never forget that," Garvey says. "I can't forget the time I played catch with Gil Hodges. The time I caught Frank Howard's throws from the outfield on a line, with Pete Reiser hitting to him, saying, 'Will ya take it easy on the blank-in' kid! What're ya doin'? He's just a little kid!' I was 12. I remember all those things. The smell of the pine tar, the smell of the balls, the gloves, the shoes. Putting the

continued

Garvey juggles his time to make himself readily accessible to the public and press.



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bats in the bat bag and carrying them, lugging them, to the bus."

Garvey simply inhaled the entire experience, and never got over it. He starred at all levels of baseball through Chamberlain High School. He was the star quarterback on the high school football team. And in his senior year, as if through will alone, he made himself a member of the school's concert choir and men's chorus. What he brought to that enterprise was an inordinate determination to make a space for himself, to win acceptance, to succeed. "He was ambitious," says Marge Wooldridge, his counselor at Chamberlain. "Ambitious, competitive. He enjoyed being good."

"He started out with about as little talent, musically, as you can have," says Jim Copeland, the choir director. "Steve couldn't match a pitch. He was terrible." So raw that Copeland left Garvey's name off the list of students chosen to sing in the first program of the season. Copeland can see him now. "The kid came into my office and almost broke down," he says. "He had tears in his eyes."

"I've never been cut before from anything," Garvey said. "What did I do?" Copeland told him that his voice needed work and that he wasn't as good as the other, more experienced, students.

"I've got to be a part of the concert," Garvey said. In that case, Copeland told him, he could come dressed in a suit and tie and help move the piano and pull the curtain. So there he was, the best-dressed stagehand in Florida, working all night long. "Best piano mover and curtain puller I ever had," Copeland said. "And that was the last concert he was ever cut from. He couldn't stand that he could not do this well. He went to the piano accompanist and she played his part and he practiced, over and over and over again, until it got to the point where he just made himself a good singer."

So proficient, in fact, that by season's end he accompanied the choir to the state championships. Both groups he sang in earned best-in-state.

Following that concert, Garvey and several other students got into a shaving cream fight outside their rooms. When

Copeland arrived, Garvey was covered with lather. The director scolded them, ordering them to their rooms with a warning: "If the lights aren't out in five minutes, I'm going to take all of you home tonight." Five minutes later Copeland toured the outside of the building, looking for lights, and saw the blinds open in Garvey's room. There was a faint glow inside. Copeland peeked through the window. "There's Steve, sitting in



Son and father embrace life's traditional values.

front of the refrigerator with the door open, taking all the shaving cream off his face by the light inside. ..."

Garvey closed the refrigerator door and stepped into the living room of the condominium overlooking Vero Beach. It was dark outside, and the ocean below pitched heavily as if in fitful sleep. Spring training 1982 had begun just a few days before. Garvey was now glancing back.

"I knew life wasn't perfect," he was saying now, "but I didn't know that in order to continue to reach, there would be battles within that quest, that there is no easy path, that you're going to be challenged, always challenged. As a person, I've gone through Camelot and there have been chinks and dents put in the armor. It's as if people have chipped away at me over the last seven or eight years. And I have come through it the same person, with the same ideals and the same principles. I can still look ahead to doing the things that I want to do."

Camelot and armor. Steve Garvey is a romantic, and the vision he has of himself is essentially heroic. Not modern heroic, but Arthurian heroic, involving duty, honor, chivalry. The difficult path began in 1975, the year after Garvey won the National League MVP in only his first full season as a starter. He had worked fiercely to get there. He has always hit the ball hard—he had a swift, compact stroke that was a model of economy—but his arm at third had been suspect as far back as high school.

Garvey struggled at third in the minors and in his early major league career, and it was only after Dodger Manager Walt Alton moved him to first, in 1973, that he took off. In his MVP year he hit .312 and had 200 hits—21 dingers—and 111 ribbies. And a Gold Glove, the first of four straight. Just like him.

The sails of his career caught the warm Southern California winds. With his striking, rugged good looks, pleasant disposition and tireless willingness to meet the press and mix with the fans, Garvey became the most popular player in California—in the game itself. All at once he was doing endorsements and making public appearances and going on television with Cyndi, the public Barbie to his Ken. Lindsay, Calif. even named a junior high school after him.

Some of his teammates thought the Garvey persona was too neat, his near-immaculate life-style too perfect, and that what they were witnessing in his daily embraces with the media, in his publicized visits to semi-invalids in hospitals and in his marathon autograph and photo sessions was nothing more than image

continued



Hjinks with Jerry Reuss and Johnstone.

making. What they believed they saw was a cynically calculated polishing of the Jack Armstrong image for personal gain—a businessman, blasphemy of blasphemies, in Gil Hodges' uniform.

In 1975, the San Bernardino Sun-Telegram published a story quoting Duvey Lopes as saying that eight starting Dodgers viewed baseball as a game and the ninth, Garvey, saw it "more as a business." Ron Cey, the third baseman, said, "If he wants to go out of his way to be the clean-cut kid, that's fine, as long as he doesn't interfere with my style. . . . Basically everyone knows he's a public-relations man."

The story was a seminal event in Garvey's life, one that stunned and confused him, for as an only child he was faced with something he was unequipped to deal with. The Dodger organization was his family: the players, his siblings. "It was very tough to understand," he says. "I'd never confronted jealousy before."

Of course not. His teammates say that jealousy had nothing to do with it. A difference in life-styles, they say, no common ground. Whatever reasons they had for their sniping in the press, however, Garvey saw it as jealousy. Unable to deal with it, he was absolutely lost. "Whenev-

er I've been confronted with a problem, I've basically gotten quieter, more introspective, and worked it out," he says. With his bat, basically, pounding the hell out of the ball.

So he withdrew. In a yelp of pain, he once said, "Why do I constantly have to defend my basic human feelings?" That is, why did he continually have to apologize for being the child that Joe and Milie raised? Resented and envious, disillusioned and misunderstood, feeling ostracized and depressed, he turned inward. But the problems never went away. Three years later, in 1978, Sutton referred to him indirectly as a "Madison Avenue facade." After Sutton allegedly made an ungallant reference to Cyndy, the two men came to blows. Garvey said he was defending his wife's honor. Leave her out of this, he said, and he wrestled Sutton to the floor. It was as if he were protecting the sister whose honor he had always wanted to defend.

Says Dusty Baker, "The number one question is, 'Is he for real?' Is he really that nice? That straight? People either love him or don't believe him."

That's for sure. Dodgers like Cey, Smith, Lopes and Sutton have always failed to understand that Garvey has lived his life with surpassing consistency, whatever they might think of him or it, from the day he first smelled the pine tar on the bats to that day last month, in Vero Beach, when he handed his sticks to an astonished young boy and the two walked from the clubhouse to Al Holman Stadium. Garvey didn't have to do it, but he did, as he has done it for years.

There are few places in America where the accepted canons of civilized comportment are suspended with more studied resolve than in a professional baseball clubhouse. Here, belching and swearing and scratching oneself are art forms. Garvey steadfastly judges not, but it isn't an arena in which he ever threatened to be best-in-show.

His idea of a risqué joke is right out of Tampa, 1956: "What do you do with an elephant with three balls?"

"What?" you ask.

"You walk him and then pitch to the gruffe."

In this clubhouse, Garvey became a man quite apart. He never hung out with the guys, rarely drank with them after games, didn't join in their rowdier escapades. Indeed, the apparent paradox of

Garvey's professional life is this: Though basically friendly, he nonetheless found himself the most controversial man in the Dodger clubhouse—depicted as remote and lonely and viewed as the center of whatever storms swept the Ravine. But he continued to be an exemplary athlete. "The way I play baseball is an expression of my being, my personality," Garvey says. "The consistency, the durability, the dependability. The control, the concentration, the release of emotion at the proper time."

At the proper time. In fact, he rarely releases it. His control over his feelings, his emotions, has done as much to divide him from his fellows as anything else. He has never cursed an umpire. Probably the angriest he ever got at an ump was in the first game of the 1977 World Series against the Yankees, when Nestor Chylak called him out on a play at home and he thought for sure he was safe. He believed that Nestor was out of position, up the first-base line, and couldn't possibly have seen Thurman Munson's tag. Garvey leapt up and screamed, "Oh no, Nestor, that was an injustice!" One day, says Baker, Garvey jumped up off the bench during an argument and shook his fist and yelled to an umpire, "Hey, you really blew that one!" All full of himself, he sat back down and said to Dusty, "I told him, didn't I, Bake?"

"Yeah," said Baker, "you really told him, Garv."

Even today, the players who know him well still yearn for Garvey to let something, anything, hang out. "I look at him and wonder whether he'll ever allow himself outwardly to have fun in public," says Outfielder Rick Monday. "I sometimes look at him and wonder what's going through his mind. You want him to show some kind of human emotion."

I'd like to see him put on a pair of old Levi's and go out and let it down," says Baker. "But that's not him." "Say something bad about him," jokes Dodger pinch hitter Jay Johnstone, one of Garvey's closest Dodger friends. "Make him look real."

Nothing made him look more real than the events of last year. He and Cyndy had had a time of it in the fish-bowl of Los Angeles. They had those two kids and the house in Calabasas and the signs that pointed to forever. But they also had problems starting about four years ago. That was when the Garveys

continued



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became another of America's troubled marriages. The last year was particularly bleak.

"Agonizing is probably a good word," Garvey believes. "You're going to talk about guilt, you're going to talk about agony, essentially."

What you're also going to talk about is a child of the 1930s, raised in a time when divorce was almost inconceivable, confronting what eventually became the inescapable: a separation brought on by the demands of his job, the pressures imposed upon him and Cyndy as a consequence of their fame, and ultimately her wish to take up with songwriter Marvin Hamlisch. Agonizing is probably a very good word.

The way Garvey sees it—and Cyndy wouldn't agree to be interviewed for this story—the marriage began yielding to his job years ago. The daughter of an Air Force colonel who traveled often, Cyndy grew up, Garvey says, "bouncing around from place to place. She wanted to stay in one place and to have somebody around all the time. She never had a father around all the time. It wasn't his fault; that's what he did. Then I end up a baseball player who travels 90 days a year in spring and summer. It's very slow building up. For me it was guilt, for her it was frustration. Frustration as shown by anger. I don't get angry."

What she longed for, of course, was the companionship he couldn't give. "Companionship," he says. "Nobody else's, mine. . . . I became part of sports in America; I wasn't just one player on one team. I became a certain image in America and she understood that. She knew she had to share me."

He never sensed he had a choice. Buffeted between his family and his role—his duty and responsibility as a national hero—he just kept playing ball the best he could. "I couldn't do anything else," he says. "If I were less than an average ballplayer, I would probably have said, 'Hey, I'm wasting my time in baseball. Boom!' But you can't do that when you're on top. You can't do that. When you spend 26 years doing something, to

get where I am now, you've got to ride out the wave. And you can only hurt somebody so long. I've got to play baseball. I've got to ride out the wave. O.K.? Because I'm at the crest of it right now."

Moreover, he began increasingly to feel himself a lightning rod, more and more the focus of storms and tensions. In the summer of 1980, *Inside Sports* ran a cover story, entitled "Trouble in Paradise," in which Cyndy revealed how troubled their marriage was and how frustrated she felt in it. It was the heaviest laundry line in Southern California.



Garvey's drive to get ahead is stronger now than ever.

Cyndy and Steve circled the wagons, but there was no denying that, as the piece had indicated, she was unhappy, really unhappy, at home. "A lot of hearts went out to him," Rick Monday says. "None of us is perfect, for damn sure."

But their plight was a gossip columnist's delight. "Chipping away at the statue," Garvey says. The next year, 1981, the marriage came apart. Garvey had an off year, for him—he batted .283—but he doesn't blame all of it on personal problems.

"You can't just place it on my marriage breaking up," he says. "The strike was important, too. I wasn't sure I wanted to go back and finish the last 53 games. I was never that conscious out on the field of what was happening personally."

But, says Baker, "He was lost. He looked lost at the plate. He didn't know a fastball from a curveball. I asked him, 'Hey, Garv, what's wrong?' He said, 'I'll tell you.' But he never did. There is no one he can release to. That's one of the problems." And there were the days Garvey came to the ball park with red eyes and heard the catcalls from the fans, "Hey, Steve, where's Cyndy?" Says Baker, "I felt sorry for him."

The breakup, much ballyhooed, came in September though Steve didn't want to let her go. "How can this guy come in and take my wife?" he asked himself. Ever the rational, responsible adult, looking to do the right thing, he let her go. "She would have exploded if she had stayed," he says. "I had to let her go."

It was also, Garvey says, an opportunity to escape the web. The marriage as a public spectacle, jobs in the press, threatening telephone calls, public humiliation.

"How could I put a woman through all this?" Garvey asked himself. "Someone who had intelligence and who sacrificed a lot so I could become the best ballplayer I possibly could? As time went on this placed a tremendous guilt on me. Because of who I am and the pain that I eventually caused her. All these things are a spin-off from me, and I've got to eliminate that from her life. I'm restructuring my life so that she has her life and I have mine. When that time comes, when she's healthy and happy, that guilt will have subsided greatly. . . . Our common bond is the children. I've got to ride out the wave, play out these next years as strongly as I possibly can. And, during that time, prepare for a new life afterward in politics or something else. But I know we can't be together. I love her and she loves me, but I just know I'm not the right person for her."

So he has his town house in Mountain Gate and a new sense of inner calm, and this is his option year. He is looking forward to playing the game again. With all he's done, the old wise knight says, "The pure Steve Garvey may be better. I will never be any less than what I've been. That may be your last line."

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Scouting Reports

American League West

OAKLAND

At one point this spring, the A's suited up 102 players, coaches and instructors in their Phoenix training camp. Their clubhouse looked like a subway station, the outfield like a cattle ranch. But the crowds shouldn't fool the unsuspecting into thinking Billy Martin is planning wholesale changes on a team that won its division last year and is dead set on winning a pennant this year. The A's were merely ambitious in 1981; they've perilously close to being cocky now. Martin himself achieved midseason form in late February, when he declared that in the event of another A's-Angels imbroglio (they had a couple last year), his team would come out swinging, not pushing and shoving.

Oakland's major off-season transaction brought World Series veteran Davey Lopes north from Los Angeles. If Lopes plays the 130 games at second base that Martin wants, he'll be the one stable figure in baseball's most kaleidoscopic infield. Last year the A's used eight first basemen, six second basemen, four third basemen and three shortstops. Lopes will be a fixture if, at 35 and coming off his worst season, he's able to hold the fort. He

says he is. "I feel I've just gone from one pot of gold to another," he adds.

Martin plans to platoon lefty Jim Spencer and righty Joe Rudi at first base, but if Rudi, who's 35, and Spencer, who seems to have lost his stroke, can't cut it, Martin will replace them with left-hand-batting Don Meyer, acquired from Seattle. Meyer dropped to .262 last year after averaging .277 with 31 total homers in 1979 and '80. The outfield of Rickie Henderson, Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas is simply the best in baseball, and Mike Heath is an excellent catcher. Meyer and Cliff Johnson, who hit 17 homers last year, will be the primary DHs.

Mike Norris, Matt Keough, Steve McCatty and Rick Langford may be the best starting foursome in baseball, and if Brian King-

man—who, say the others, has the best stuff of them all—can finally live up to his promise, the A's will be hard to score against.

The A's have a player in Tacoma who Martin believes could eventually give the team some badly needed bullpen help. Dave Beard, a 22-year-old Georgian, is already a familiar face for his exploits late last season after being brought up from the minors. He struck out 15 batters in 13 relief innings and had three saves. In the mini-playoffs he pitched brilliantly, saving the division-winning victory over Kansas City. But he demergerated against the Yankees in the second game of the league playoffs and continued to have trouble in spring training. "For two weeks that Yankee game was all that I could think about," he says. He can continue to think about it in Tacoma while Martin ponders how much Beard could mean to the A's if he gets his act together.—R.F.

Over the last three years, Second Baseman Davey Lopes has hit .369 against left-handers and .217 against right-handers. Yet, strangely, Lopes joins a team that is already badly overloaded from the right side of the plate. The only Oakland regular who hit significantly better against righties last year—.291 to .234—was Dave McKay, the man Lopes is replacing.

CALIFORNIA

They've got the names, all right—Jackson, Carew, Lynn, Baylor, Burleson, Grich. . . . You name 'em, they've got 'em. What the Angels don't have is time, because age, that most relentless of pursuers, is threatening to catch up with them before they can win a pennant race. If Ken Forsch is their Opening Day pitcher—which he should be—and if Don Baylor starts in leftfield—which he wants to—the Angels will field a starting lineup that averages 33 years of age per man. True, they may be a bit long in the tooth, but in Reggie Jackson, who is 35, the Angels feel they have the one element that has been missing from their star-studded and star-crossed host all these years.

Manager Gene Mauch is hoping that if the other veterans can just get Jackson to Octo-

ber, he'll get the hits that will win the big ones the Angels have traditionally lost. And Reggie, who can be otherwise, has been a charmer all spring, a cheerful gadabout pumping life into a corps sorely lacking esprit. But as his new pal, Baylor, ruefully observes, "Reggie can't pitch." And if age doesn't do the Angels in first, their sorrowful pitching may.

In Forsch, who won 11 games in '81, they have a quality pitcher. After him. . . . Mauch is counting on gangling Mike Witt to improve on the 8-9 record he had last year when he was a rookie and on Geoff Zahn to lower his 4.42 ERA. The fourth and fifth starters could well be Bruce Kison, coming back after elbow surgery, and little (5'9") Angel Moreno, a rookie who impressed Mauch in a brief stay at the end of last season. The bullpen is solid with righthander Don Asse and left-hander Andy Hassler.

The rest of the Angel lineup reads like a guidebook to the shrine at Cooperstown. It lists four American League MVPs—Jackson, Fred Lynn, Rod Carew and Baylor—and 11 former All-Stars. The infield of Carew on first, Bobby Grich at second, Doug DeCinces at third and Rick Burleson at short is as deft defensively as it is potent offensively—a .291 overall average last year. DeCinces, acquired from the Orioles, is one of the game's finest defensive third basemen and can be dangerous as a hitter. DeCinces feels Burleson and Grich constitute the game's best double-play combination.

Lynn, infirm and ineffective last year, will need to cover a lot of turf in centerfield, because Jackson in right is no gazelle and the leftfielder is a mystery man. Baylor would like to play there, but his weak throwing arm makes him better suited for DH. Brian Downing, ostensibly a catcher, considers himself a leftfielder now that the Angels have acquired both Bob Boone and Joe Ferguson. Ed Ott, another catcher, is on the disabled list. The most intriguing leftfield candidate is Tom Brunsamy, a powerful 21-year-old who had 47 homers and a .321 average in the minors the past two seasons. Brunsamy is the Angels' future. The past is quite forgettable. The present is now or never.—R.F.

In 1981 the Angels had a 25-17 record in games decided by four runs or more, second best in the division in that category. In games decided by three runs or less, the Angels were 26-42, the worst in the division. Rod Carew hit .370 in games decided by four or more, but .261 when the game was within three. Rick Burleson was .359 and 251 and Fred Lynn .256 and .199.

CHICAGO

Tom Paciorek adjusted his Army helmet and, in his best Patton voice, told the camera, "Come out for Helmet Day. You can tell everyone you were there for the Big One." Paciorek also donned pith, Prussian and Viking ("This is the one the Bull wears") helmets for the White Sox's promotional spots. Last fall the head of the club's advertising agency saw the commercials that Paciorek had done for Seattle and said, "We've got to get this guy." The White Sox did exactly that a few weeks later, although they were mainly interested in seeing him in a batting helmet.

This year could very well be the Big One in Comiskey Park. With Paciorek at first base and Steve Kemp at leftfield, the Sox now have an offensive lineup second to none. Last year Paciorek hit .350 on the road, which should dispel any notion that the Kingdom helped his .326 average. Kemp, acquired from Detroit for Chet Lemon, is a bona fide 100-RBI man. He and Paciorek will cushion DH and cleanup hitter Greg Luzinski, whose bullish comeback produced 21 home runs and 62 RBIs in 1981. The best bat of all may belong to Rightfielder Harold Baines, biter of the hardest line drives in creation. The icing on the cake is Charley Lau, the batting guru hired away from the Yankees in the off-

In 1980 the Boston pitching staff had a collective 3.83 earned run average in the 112 games Carlton Fisk started at catcher, and a 5.67 ERA in the 48 games someone else started. In 1981 Fisk moved to the White Sox as a free agent. This time the ERA with and without Fisk was 3.32 and 4.29, respectively. The overall ERA of 3.47 was down .45 from the 3.92 of the year before.

season. If every player in the Chicago order reproduces his best year, the overall average will be .306. That may not seem realistic, but then, who would have thought Carlton Fisk would bat seventh?

The bad news is that the White Sox have been assembled with a blithe disregard for fielding. Centerfielder Ron LeFlore, Third Baseman Jim Morrison, Shortstop Bill Almon, Paciorek and Kemp aren't being measured for Gold Gloves. But Tony LaRussa, who as a practicing attorney should know something about defense, professes to be unconcerned. "The real key is our pitching staff," he says. That staff is headed by Brett Burns, the best young leftlander in the majors—sorry, Fernando. In his last two years, he has won 25 games with a 2.78 ERA. Dennis Lamp surprised nearly everybody with his '81 ERA of 2.41. Steve (Rainbow) Trout and Richard Dotson have to live up to their no-

tices. Ross Baumgarten didn't, and he's gone. The ghost of Ed Farmer may haunt the bullpen if Lamar Hoyt and Jerry Koonsman don't take up the slack. Koonsman may yet start, but whatever he does, he'll feel as frisky as a pup. "I've never been more optimistic about my team's chances, not even with the Mets," says the 14-year veteran.

Handling the pitchers will, of course, be Fisk. "I don't care if he doesn't get a hit, he's that valuable behind the plate," says LaRussa. Fisk went into a mysterious sulk last summer, getting only 16 of his 45 RBIs after May. Part of the reason for his slump was a weight loss during the strike. Fisk now has most of his pudge back.

It was not too long ago—1980, in fact—that Chicago finished 60th, 26 games out of first place. "We don't serve Alpo in the clubhouse anymore," says LaRussa, citing a commercial Paciorek doesn't appear in.—S.W.

TEXAS

Catcher Jim Sundberg says of his Rangers, "It seems like we have always done just enough to lose." True. Four times since 1974, including 1981, Texas has been runner-up in its division. Al Oliver, who was traded to Montreal last week, thinks that a bad attitude traditionally hurts the Rangers. "They hang their heads," says Oliver, who had long been critical of the team's mental outlook and was pushing to be traded. "One loss upsets Texas something awful."

Which means 1982 could be terribly upsetting for the reconstructed Rangers. Critical will be whether two starting left-handers—Frank Tanana, signed as a free agent, and Jon Matlack—can have turnaround years after disastrous 1981s.

"I stunk," says Tanana of his 4-10 perfor-

mance for Boston last season, which included a 5.36 ERA at Fenway Park. That's why the Rangers were able to sign him for a relatively cheap \$375,000 a year for two years (plus a \$75,000 signing bonus). But in 1976, '77 and '78 Tanana was an All-Star with the Angels.

"I stunk," says Matlack of his 4-7 record in 1981 with the Rangers. The aroma was so bad that when Matlack showed up this spring he was told he didn't have an automatic place on the pitching staff. He was also informed by Vice-President Eddie Robinson, "We're not thinking about trading you. On the other hand, nobody else has brought up your name."

The pitching outlook was further clouded when Doc Medich, another starter (10-6 last year), came down with hepatitis during the winter, but the Rangers believe he has fully

recovered. Counted on heavily are Rick Honeycutt, the team's most successful pitcher at 11-6 last year, and knuckleballer Charlie Hough, who was 4-1 and fine-tuned at the end of the season.

In a pair of off-season moves, Robinson acquired slick-fielding Met Second Baseman Doug Flynn to supplant the now-traded Bump Wills, and Lonnor Johnson. Johnson was signed after he became disgruntled with the White Sox, growling that he is an everyday player; early indications are, however, that he'll be platooned at first with Pat Putnam. Johnson has a rep for getting fat, so in addition to his \$300,000 salary, he'll get a bonus of \$5,000 each time his weight is under 225 pounds on 10 designated weigh-in days. Says Robinson, "Players get bonuses for at bats and games played. Why not a bonus for being in shape?"

Two more newcomers will man the outfield, former Expo Larry Parrish in right and former Met Lee Mazzilli in left. Both Parrish, who played third in Montreal, and Mazzilli, who played centerfield and first in New York, had disappointing seasons in 1981. The anchors are Sundberg. Buddy Bell at third and Mickey Rivers in center, though Rivers starts the season on the disabled list because of knee cartilage.—D.S.L.

Jim Sundberg has caught at least 90% of his team's games for five straight years and six times in his career, both unprecedented accomplishments. Gary Carter of Montreal isn't far behind him, with four such seasons already. Several Hall of Fame catchers, including Bill Dickey, Mickey Cochrane and Roger Bresnahan, never caught 90% of their team's games in any season.

continued

KANSAS CITY

Remember the Royals? They finished first in the AL West by 14 games two years ago and embarrassed the Yankees in the championship series, only to fall to the Phillies in the World Series. Last year they struggled, finishing 50-53 and losing three straight to Oakland in the interdivision.

Remember George Brett? He flied with 400 in 1980 and played host to America, only to settle at .390. Last year he struggled, finishing at a mere .314 and throwing some terrible tantrums.

The Royals and Brett are both back, professing to be changed. "We have something to prove because we played so bad last year," says Brett. "What I have to prove is that I can be a mature adult."

The other day John Wathan left a pair of crutches in Brett's locker, a reference to the night he swung a crutch at a photographer. One arm pad was inscribed **GEORGE BRETT** and the other for **PHOTOGRAPHERS ONLY**. Brett swung the crutches at his locker in mock anger. He also swung the bat well in spring training. When Brett hits and drives in runs, Kansas City wins—it's that simple.

The Royals are virtually unchanged from last season. Dick Howser, who managed them to a 20-13 record in relief of Jim Fries, is back

with 89 career triples at age 28. George Brett already ranks fourth among active players; Pete Rose, who is first with 122, is 12 years older than Brett, but with Brett averaging 9.9 three-baggers a year, Rose is, in effect, just over three seasons ahead of him. K.C.'s Willie Aikens has never hit a triple in 1,362 at bats. No other every-day player has gone that far into his career without at least one.

for a full season, and Jerry Martin, a decent outfielder acquired from the Giants, replaces Clint Hurdle in right. The one change the Royals feel they need to make is behind the plate. Wathan is a good handler of pitchers, but he isn't a good thrower; he is much better suited to be a utility player. Kansas City is hoping that Don Slaught will do the bulk of the catching.

The rest of the cast is intact, with Willie Wilson in left, Amos Otis in center, Willie Aikens at first, Frank White at second, U.L. Washington at short, Brett at third and the disgruntled Hal McKee as DH.

Until the Royals obtained Vida Blue from San Francisco last week, the starting pitching could be summed up by the old saying, "Leonard and Gura and Pray for Frost." With 120 wins in seven seasons, Dennis Leonard may be the best pitcher never to make the AL-Star team. Larry Gura was 7-3 with a 1.25

ERA in the second half of '81 and Blue was 8-6 with a 2.45 ERA last year with the Giants. The Royals are counting on Dave Frost to recover the form (16-10 record) he showed with the Angels in '79, before bone chips in his elbow stopped him. Sorely missed is Mike Jones, a big lefthander hurt in an auto accident in the off-season. Dan Quisenberry will get help in the bullpen from the affable Grant Jackson and the wild Scott Brown.

Howser has yet to finish below first in one and a quarter seasons as a major league manager, and he likes his chances at another pennant. "When you don't score runs and you don't pitch well and you're not winning, it's natural for people to start pointing to the attitude on a club," he says. "There's nothing wrong with this team. I'm not saying we're going to run away with the division this season, but we're better than people think we are." Remember the Royals.—S.W.

SEATTLE

The Mariners began every spring training session by dancing like loose-limbed marionettes on the outfield grass at Tempe Stadium. The frolicking was part of the aerobic exercising prescribed by Manager Rene Lachemann to improve the team's endurance, flexibility and, Lachemann hopes, its sixth-place finish of last year. The new approach also includes new faces in the lineup, a new rightfield wall in the Kingdome and new promotional efforts in the front office.

"Last year we were more offense-minded," President Dan O'Brien says, "with some defensive shortcomings and less than adequate pitching. We've lost some of the offense but we've substantially improved in defense. We'll have to see how the pitching unravels."

Unravel is exactly what it has done in the past. Last season the team had the worst ERA in the majors—4.23. Raising the rightfield wall from 115 to 23 feet may help that some. This March the Mariners signed 43-year-old Gaylord Perry, the balding peanut farmer who needs three wins to become the first pitcher to attain 300 career victories since Early Wynn did it in 1963. The front office no doubt hopes to parlay a few early wins into a box-office bonanza, but Lachemann says, "I

hope we're not just looking for three wins. I'm looking for 10 or 15."

Perry and the rest of the starting rotation—lefty Floyd Bannister and righties Gene Nelson, Jim Beattie and Mike Moore—will benefit from improved defense. Jim Eason, who came to Seattle with Shortstop Todd Cruz in the deal that sent Tom Paciorek to the White Sox, gives the Mariners the best catcher they've ever had. Cruz provides range at short that was absent last year. "Balls that we dived at and missed, other teams were turning into double plays," says Lachemann, who has a double-Cruz double-play combination with Todd and Second Baseman Julio Manny Canillo, obtained from Kansas City, led American Association third basemen in fielding percentage the past two years.

On offense, the Mariners hope Rightfielder Al Cowens will help replace Paciorek, who

was second in the league in hitting (.326) and game-winning RBIs (13). Bruce Bochte has moved to left to make room for rookie First Baseman Jim Malar. At 6'4", Malar provides a big target. He also hit .305 with 19 homers and 99 RBIs last year in AAA. Designated Hitter Richie Zisk, the 1981 AL Comeback Player of the Year, hit .311 and a team-leading 16 homers for the M's.

In the past, Seattle fans have been asked to bide their time as the young franchise developed a farm system. Time's up. Malar and pitchers Moore and Bob Stoddard, for example, were developed by the Mariners. "We have the nucleus for the future right now," says Malar, acknowledging that the team is still several years from contention.

Seattle has a new team song, *Diamonds in the Dome*. This season, at best, they'll be diamonds in the rough.—B.A.

continued

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MINNESOTA

The Minnesota Twins are noteworthy in many respects. Not one player on their spring training roster was in his 30s. They have the lowest average salary (\$90,000) and the highest average ticket price (\$7.50) in baseball. Their marvelous farm system generated players who last season led organized baseball in homers (Tim Lincecum's 42 at Orlando) and average (Kent Hrbek's .379 at Visalia), not to mention vowels (Faedo, Gaciti) and consonants (Hrbek). Billy Gardner is a highly popular manager. Outfielder Mickey Hatcher is one of baseball's funnest players. And this week the Twins open the \$55 million Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in Minneapolis.

What kind of team will this be? Don't ask. Minnesota's weaknesses start with its putative strengths. Third Baseman John Casanova will

be out until at least mid-May, following spinal fusion surgery last October. Roy Smalley maintains he will play shortstop despite recurring back troubles, which plagued him last year. Gardner, however, may pencil him in at designated hitter. Lincecum is coming off two knee operations and won't be ready for the big club. "We have one of the best pitching staffs in baseball," says the ever-hopeful Gardner. Then why has Doug Corbett led all relievers in appearances the past two years?

"The pitchers think they're the big shots, but I think they're average," says a Twins regular. "Of course, the batters aren't the '27 Yankees, either." The Twins finished next to last in hitting, homers, stolen bases and earned run average in '81. And they won't exactly knock down the Metrodome's wall, which is 343 feet down the foul lines and 408 to dead center. "Harmon Killebrew could

have handled it," says Smalley. "I don't know about the rest of us."

So why are a record number of upper Midwesterners shelling out \$8 apiece for most Metrodome seats? Well, there's the novelty of spending Minneapolis' short summer indoors. And the Twins aren't completely inept either, appearances notwithstanding. Speedy outfielders like Jim Eisenreich and Dave Eagle will look like quarter horses when they chase balls hit up the artificial alleys. Rookies Lenny Faedo at short and Gary (G-Man) Gaciti at third could more than adequately replace Smalley and Casanova. And then there's the hometown hope, rookie First Baseman Hrbek, who is a 1978 graduate of Kennedy High School in Bloomington, the site of the Twins' old park. The staff of legend, Hrbek made the long jump from A-ball to the Twins last August and homered in his first game to beat the Yankees in New York. "I'm having a great time," he says. "Living at home, seeing Mom and Dad, coming home from work to hang out with my buddies."

Indeed, most of the Twins are spontaneous and fun-loving, especially Hatcher, who dances in the dugout between innings. "Everybody likes to get together," he says. "All the players like to fish. We go out there, grofin' around, throwin' people in the water." Great, but can they play ball?—J.K.

In 1981 Minnesota designated hitters hit a combined 208, by four points the lowest DH average since the rule became effective in 1973. The leaders were Ron Jackson (six games, 421) and Butch Wynegar (nine games, 286). The Minnesota DHs were outbatted by every shortstop in the league who had at least 175 at bats, and also by the starting rotation of the Dodgers (218).

American League East

MILWAUKEE

On a gray March morning, as the grounds crew tried to burn the infield dry at Sun City Stadium, the Milwaukee Brewer pitching staff worked out on the rain-drenched outfield grass. Brewers' starter, Rolfe Fingers sang a handful of mud at Randy Lerch, who ducked. Lerch came up tackling Fingers, who fell on his left shoulder. "It felt like someone stuck a knife in me," said Fingers, who was rushed to the hospital. Brewer G.M. Harry Dalton said, "Well, men will be boys."

No cut in the Brewer camp could be blamed for steeing the pennant flash before his eyes as Fingers went for X-rays—but they revealed only a slight separation. Fingers won't miss any regular-season games, and that's a good thing for the Brewers. Last year he won both Cy Young and MVP honors by pitching Milwaukee into the postseason with a 6-3 record, 1.04 ERA and 28 saves, the most in the majors. This year the primary task for Brewer Manager Buck Rodgers will be to see that Fingers is rested enough over a full season to pitch well in September.

"Rolfe is a luxury we never had before,"

says Pete Vuckovich, who shared the league lead last season with 14 wins, six of them saved by Fingers. "The important thing is not to fall in love with the fact that he's there. We need to go nine innings more often."

Milwaukee had fewer complete games (11) than any team in the league except Seattle in 1981, reflecting Rodgers' quick hook, or Fingers' presence, or the consequences of having a staff with a 3.91 ERA, 12th in the league.

The Brewer pitching staff remains essentially unchanged, with Vuckovich, Mike Caldwell, Moose Haan, Bob McClure and Lerch starting and Jamie Easterly and Jim Slaton caddyding for Fingers in the bullpen.

The Brewers' major change sends Paul Molitor from center to third, his fourth posi-

tion in five years. The early indications were that Molitor will work out well and give the Brewers the best infield in the league, with Robin Yount at short, Larry Gantner at second and Cecil Cooper at first. Gantner has the fastest pivot in the league and led AL second basemen with 95 double plays last year. All told, the Brewers topped the majors with 135 double plays. The outfield has Gorman Thomas back at center, Ben Oglivie in left and Mark Brouhard in right.

The Brewers should be more productive in '82 if only because Catcher Ted Simmons, Oglivie and Molitor, among others, had off years in '81. DH Larry Hise has missed most of the last three seasons with a pair of shoulder injuries but is no longer ailing. But pitching is indispensable and, with a lack of proven depth, the Brewers must once again work their Fingers to the bone.—B.A.

Despite opinions to the contrary, County Stadium isn't a good home run park. In 1981 Robin Yount hit 10 homers—only one in Milwaukee. In '81 and '82 Ben Oglivie hit 18 of 56 at home. Gorman Thomas has hit more home runs on the road for three straight years—56 to 48. In the last five years Milwaukee pitchers have allowed 279 homers at home, and 337 on the road.

NEW YORK

Bill Bergesch, the Yankees' vice-president of baseball operations, was considering an inquiry as to whether George's Team has too much talent. "It's a problem," he says. "But like the guy says, I've been rich and I've been poor. Rich is better." Everything does look great, doesn't it?"

But as the spring days crept by, the Yankees—surprise, surprise—were embroiled in wall-to-wall bickering, even sans Reggie. Owner George Steinbrenner had promised to not hit his age this year (he's 51), but he forgot his vows and made sneering references to some of the players. George lambasted Manager Bob Lemon for playing First Baseman Dave Revering at third and feuded with Sweet Lou Plautella over Plautella's weight. Lemon, meanwhile, fined Plautella because he left the park early one day, and had another argument with him for throwing a ball into the stands.

Steinbrenner was mad, too, that his players kept getting small but aggravating injuries, and blasted the team's trainer for not instituting a flu-shot program last winter. Outfielder Dave Winfield pulled a hamstring. Second Baseman Willie Randolph is out for three or four weeks with a broken little toe on his right foot. Third Baseman and Captain Graig Nettles was hit by a foul ball on his left calf, and

The Yankees set a modern major league record last season by starting left-handers in 79.44% of their 107 games. No other team in this century has started left-handers in more than 77% of its games. New York's percentage in those games was .529, led by Ron Gaudry's 11-5 (.688) and Dave Righetti's 8-4 (.667); but, uh-oh, the percentage was .636 in the 22 games started by righties.

newly acquired (from Cincy) Outfielder Ken Griffey had his knee drained, as in past springs. Meanwhile, extra practice sessions were ordered as the team played poorly.

Still, their talent is easily the best of all the major league teams. The lineup reads like an All-Star team, newly acquired first agent Dave Collins, who previously played centerfield at Cincinnati ("There sure are a lot of guys around here who know how to win"), or Bob Watson at first, Randolph at second; Bucky Dent at short; Nettles at third; Rick Cerone catching; and an outfield with Dave Winfield ("We're pretty doggone good") in left, Jerry Mumphrey in center and Griffey (311 in 1981), or perhaps Collins, in right. The starting pitchers include left-hander Tommy John, Ron Gaudry and Dave Righetti, the American League's Rookie of the Year in 1981. The right side offers newly acquired Doyle Alexander, who missed most of spring

training because he was involved in a contract dispute with San Francisco, and Rick Reuschel who didn't appear in a spring training game because of a sore shoulder. Reuschel begins the season on the disabled list. When you say Goose, you've said it all for relievers, but the Yankees also have Ron Davis, and Shane Rawley, late of Seattle.

Then there are backups for backups and PIs for the DPs, which prompts Dent to observe, "Just because you can't make the Yankees doesn't mean you aren't a great player." Reserve Outfielder Oscar Gamble understands and says, "We've got two guys at every position. I like to play a lot—but I like to win even more."

Sans Reggie, the Yankees are hardly the Bronx Bombers, and any team with Nettles, Cerone, Dent, Watson and Plautella in the lineup isn't going to "steal" many wins. The rich always have problems.—D.S.L.

DETROIT

Sparky Anderson completed his tax forms, put them in an envelope, licked the flap and talked about moving the Tigers into a higher bracket. "This is the best club since I've been manager," said Anderson, who came in 1979. "We're right there with the Yankees, Orioles and Brewers. They're no better than us. It all depends on who gets the pitching."

Anderson is the eternal optimist, but this spring his glasses are a little rosier than usual. Itemizing, he says he has the next Mickey Mantle, a predominantly right-hand-hitting lineup, three new starters and one of the best double-play combinations in the league.

The Tigers' biggest asset is Centerfielder Kirk Gibson, the new Mantle. "I guess it's a compliment, but if you've seen any real comparisons, tell me," says Gibson. "It's all hype,

bull. I'm not gonna be the next Mantle. If I'm anybody, I'll be Kirk Gibson." That's just Kirk's little way of saying I haven't done anything yet—even though he has. Last year Gibson hit .328, .375 in the second half, with nine homers and 17 stolen bases.

Flanking Gibson in the outfield are new arrivals Larry Herndon, formerly of the Giants, and Chet Lemon, who came from the White Sox in exchange for Steve Kemp. Both are fine outfielders, and both are righthanded, so the Tigers are no longer vulnerable to left-handed pitching. Last year they faced more southpaw starters than righthanders, which is strange because there aren't all that many to go around. "All the good teams are basically right-hand-hitting," says Anderson. "We still have a couple of lefties, but if we had more, teams could block us out."

The other new right-hand hitter is former

Giant Enos Cabell, who will playdon at first with Rick Leach and at third with Tom Brookins. Only three years ago, at Houston, Cabell was one of the better players in the National League, speedy, adept in the field and a .280 hitter. He proceeded to go downhill—fast. "If used right, he could be the Enos Cabell of old," says Anderson. Says Cabell, "I've got a lot to prove. I know what a certain ex-manager said about me." The ex-manager was San Francisco's Frank Robinson, who said, "Sometimes when a guy starts making errors he presses, and Enos didn't hit well enough to compensate for it."

Alan Trammell and Lou Whitaker are Detroit's DP duo, probably for the next 10 years or so. Brookins is an average fielder with a timely bat. Catcher Lance Parrish, Tina Turner's former bodyguard, added muscles so muscles over the winter, and Anderson told him to bulk down. Unless Parrish can improve on his 244 average, Anderson won't be impressed with the fact that Parrish can bench-press 425 pounds.

Anderson is right about the pitching. If he gets enough of it, Detroit could win the division. Unfortunately, starters Jack Morris, Milt Wilcox and Dan Petry may not be enough. Kevin (Hot Sauce) Sauer better be the real thing in the bullpen.—S.W.

In the 88 games in which Lance Parrish was Detroit's starting catcher last year, the Tigers won 42 and lost 46. In the 21 games he didn't start, they won 18 and lost only three. Bill Fahey was 16-3 as a starter and John Wockenfuss was 2-0. The Tigers' average of runs allowed decreased from nearly four per game with Parrish starting to 2.7 per game without him.



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CLEVELAND

"I'll bet you don't remember Paul Fix," Cleveland Manager Dave Garcia was saying. "He was an probably 95 percent of John Wayne's movies. And how about Nat Pendleton? He was educated at Columbia University but played a tough guy in all the gangster films."

On a team of potential pitching stars, Garcia was perhaps subconsciously emphasizing his need for someone to enter stage left and play a brief but important role. Yes, when he made his casting call, only leading men answered. He needed one short reliever and he got eight starters who have won 14 or more games in a season.

It's no surprise, then, that the Indians have one of the best rotations in baseball. Len Barker, John Denny, Rick Waits, Larry Seisen and Bert Blyleven. If Blyleven, who has tendinitis in his right arm, filters, Ed Whitson and Rick Sutcliffe have been climbing the bullpen walk for the opportunity to start. Dan Spillner, who spot-started and threw both short and long relief last year, has emerged as the leading candidate for the ninth-inning limelight.

"We need a stopper," says Centerfielder Rick Manning. "Hopefully, we can get someone to come out of the bullpen and slam the

door." Last year the door was never slammed and rarely even shut. The Indians had 13 saves; only Oakland, with its staff of marathon starters, had fewer.

"I think sometimes last year Dave would leave his pitcher in because he didn't have faith in the bullpen," Barker says. For now, Garcia is wagering his faith on Spillner, but it's doubtful he can do for Cleveland what Rolfe Fingers and Goose Gosage do for those two East Division rivals.

The starting pitchers are Cleveland's best since Mike Garcia, Early Wynn, Bob Lemon, Bob Feller and Herb Score pitched in the '50s. At least that's the opinion of Score, now an Indian broadcaster. The front-line pitching should keep the Indians out of any extended losing streaks.

The offense lacks home run punch but sparkles with speed. With the acquisition of Bake McBride from Philadelphia and the ad-

dicion of rookies Von Hayes and Jack Perconte, the Indians will be even faster than last year, when they led the league with 119 stolen bases.

For a meaningful offense, Garcia says, the club will need more run production from Joe Charboneau and Andre Thornton, who combined for a paltry 48 RBIs last season. Hurt last year, both are healthy and will be used at the DH spot.

Veterans Mike Hargrove and Toby Harrah anchor the infield in first and third. Jerry Dykstra, who sometimes platooned at short with the Mets' Tom Verzerer the last two seasons, and Second Baseman Perconte are the untended heart of the defense. The trade that sent Bo Diaz to Philadelphia opens up the catcher's job for Ron Hassay. A .282 lifetime hitter, Hassay platooned last year but he was behind the plate for Barker's perfect game against the Blue Jays.—B.A.

Excepting 1981, Cleveland hasn't finished within 14 games of first place since 1959, a record of futility that matches any in history. Of the 15 other "original" franchises, 13 have won at least one pennant or divisional title and 14 have finished closer than 14 games at least eight times. The White Sox have come as close as one game and the Cubs have finished closer than 14 six times.

BALTIMORE

In the Miami Stadium clubhouse, Orioles Manager Earl Weaver was complaining about his arthritis and assessing his team's chances. "This spring is no different from the others," he said. "It's the same, in quality and quantity. There are 42 guys here. I can have 25 and those 25 will make us a contender."

And why shouldn't Weaver be so cocksure? In 20 of the last 23 years he has managed, his team has finished first or second; in his 13½ years in Baltimore his teams have won six division titles, four pennants and one World Series. Says Weaver of his Class of '82. "We've got what we need."

Maybe so, but there are more what-ifs and potential problems than normal for Baltimore. Look first at the left side of the infield where Third Baseman Cal Ripken Jr. and

Shortstop Lenny Sakata will play. Rookie Ripken appeared in 23 games last year and got only five hits in 39 at bats, while Sakata, who had never spent a full season in the big leagues until 1981, appeared in only 61 games. They are regulars because stellar Third Baseman Doug DeCinces was traded to the Angels for Outfielder Dan Ford, and peerless fielding Shortstop Mark Belanger and his anemic bat were sent to the Dodgers.

"Everybody says I'm the weak link," says Ripken cheerfully. "That's O.K. I can hold my own and I can produce." Sakata is similarly upbeat, saying, "I won't be a sore spot or a stickout." The infield leader is First Baseman Eddie Murray, who had 22 home runs and 78 RBIs last season and just gets better and better and better. . .

In the outfield, Weaver can shuffle until his heart's content with Ford, who promises

to be a good citizen and not pose for any more *Playgirl* centerfolds after some high-flying days as a brawling Angel; Al Bumbry, fast but a poor arm, slumped-down Ken Singleton, a fine hitter but slow, Gary Roenicke; and John Lowenstein.

Baltimore has always thrived on superior pitching, but the O's hurlers were ailing last season and the team ERA was 3.70, seventh in the league. Starter Mike Flanagan tore a muscle in his left forearm in August and didn't pitch for a month, ending with a 9-6 record. Jim Palmer, hampered by chronic aches and pains, struggled to a 7-8 season and was particularly ineffective after the strike. And a third starter, Steve Stone, was 4-7 in 1981. Stone was on the disabled list for three months last season with assorted elbow and shoulder ailments and failed to complete any of his 12 starts; he was placed on the disabled list again on March 21, and his future is in doubt. Dennis Martinez and Scott McGregor were the best Bird starters last year at 14-5 and 13-5, respectively, and Tippy Martinez and Sammy Stewart were tough out of the bullpen.

For what it's worth, Earl says he's quitting after this year. Half of those who know him believe it, half don't. As he says, this spring is no different from the others.—D.S.L.

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BOSTON

Last year, while their fans were mourning the loss of Carlton Fisk, Fred Lynn and Rick Burleson, cursing their fate and invoking the ghost of Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox were quietly finishing 2½ games back in the tightly packed division standings. This year those same fans should have plenty to cheer about, most notably an unusually deep bullpen (Mark Clear, Tom Burgmeier, Bob Stanley, rookie Luis Aponso); Third Baseman Carney Larnford, the American League batting champion; First Baseman Dave Stapleton, Rightfielder Dwight Evans, Second Baseman Jerry Remy and Centerfielder Rick Miller, all of whom are coming off their best years; and Catcher Rich Gedman, who was one of the league's top rookies.

The everyday lineup for 1982 is so sound that Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Perez will be

used only as designated hitters and backup first basemen. Much depends, however, on 23-year-old Shortstop Glenn Hoffman. The regular third baseman and a .285 hitter in 1980, Hoffman had to replace Burleson at shortstop last year and hit only .231 while fielding erratically. "I was nervous and underweight," he says. "First, I thought too much about my fielding, and my hitting slipped. Then it was the other way around." Hoffman was especially nervous at Fenway where he has batted 51 points lower (.232 to .283) than he has on the road.

To contend for the division title, the Red Sox will need help from their young pitchers, and Bruce Hurst, Bob Ojeda, John Tudor and Chuck Ramey insist they aren't overused. "Ojeda and I were talking about it," Hurst said one afternoon before an exhibition against the Tigers at Joker Marchant Stadium in Lakeland, Fla. "The first time we came in

here, the park looked huge and we'd face lineups we thought we'd never get out. The next time the park got a little smaller and the players looked almost human. Now the park's regular and the players are normal guys. We've gotten perspective."

And major league arms. Hurst shortened his motion and had a 1.87 earned run average his last two months in Pawtucket. Ojeda developed a lively fastball and won six of eight decisions for Boston after being called up on Aug. 9. Tudor is a natural ground-ball pitcher—a big help in Fenway—and Ramey seems to have overcome arm trouble. Significantly, Hurst, Ojeda and Tudor are lefthanders; Boston hasn't had more than one good southpaw starter since 1975.

Another encouraging sign: Without Fisk's delay game on offense and defense last year, the time of an average Boston game declined a full 7½ minutes.

The Red Sox aren't without problems. They need a stopper, and the most logical candidate, Dennis Eckenley, has been 22-27 since mid-August of 1979. Leftfielder Jim Rice (17 homers in '81) must hit for more power again. The infield lacks range, and the starting rotation, for all its promise, may be a year or two away, in baseball's deepest division, all of this suggests a first-division record and a second-division finish.—J.K.

In 1981 the Red Sox won 11 games in which they trailed their opponent after seven innings. By contrast, the Yankees didn't win any, and Milwaukee, Baltimore and Detroit won only 12 among them. Eight of Boston's 11 comeback victories were against contending teams. Four were from margins of three runs or more and seven were on the road. Overall, Boston's record was 58-49.

TORONTO

Cyanocitta cristata is a showy, noisy bluebird with a crest. The baseball club that honors this fine feathered friend hasn't shown anything, much less a crest, in five years in Toronto.

But there is one Blue Jay worthy of the name. Pitcher Dave Stieb made a lot of noise in the spring, mostly about migrating. He doesn't want to wait around until the Blue Jays hatch a winner. "I'll probably be retired by then," Stieb chirps.

A lot of teams would like to bug the talented young right-hander. Pat Gillick, Toronto's vice-president, says he has received at least a dozen offers for Stieb. "I don't really want to trade him," says Gillick. "One of the things we need is pitching, and what's the sense of trading a pitcher for a pitcher? It would have to be an awfully good deal."

Fortunately for the Blue Jays, Stieb is such a competitor that he doesn't let little things like losing in arbitration affect his performance. His 1981 numbers might not seem impressive: an 11-10 record with a 3.18 ERA. But as a team, Toronto batted .226 and finished last twice. Stieb lost his first three starts because his teammates failed to score in his first 21 innings. No wonder he wants to leave

Since their founding in 1977, the Blue Jays have had won/lost percentages of .335, .366, .327, .414 and .349 for an overall .350. By comparison, Detroit's .358 in 1975 represents the only time in the last 27 years that any other American League East team has had a single-season percentage as bad as the Blue Jays' five-year average. Toronto has finished last every season.

The funny thing is, the Jays don't need that much. Stop laughing. New Manager Bobby Cox says, "When I first got here, I thought that people were being overly optimistic about the team's talent. But now that I've seen the players, I think they may be better than I was told."

The Jays envision Jesse Barfield, George Bell and Lloyd Moseby as their outfield of the future, but only Moseby is ready to solo now. In the meantime, Moseby will play center flanked by Alvis Woods in left and Barfield and Barry Bonnell in right. Otto Velez and Wayne Nordhagen will DH. In addition, Toronto has Anthony (Call Me A.J.) Johnson, drafted from the Expos. Johnson stole 60 bases at Memphis the year after Tim Lincecum stole 59 there. "I should get at least 40 here," says A.J. At the corners of the infield are Big John Mayberry and the righty-lefty platoon of

Garth Iorg and Rance Mulliniks. Pushing Mayberry at first base is Mr. March, Willie Upshaw, who has 13 career homers in spring training and six in 190 regular season games.

Damazo Garcia is a very fine second baseman, and his fellow Dominican, Alfredo Griffia, is the shortstop—for now. The Blue Jays are trying not to rush the graceful Tony Fernandez, who comes from Griffia's hometown of San Pedro de Macoris, but the temptation is almost overwhelming. Griffia was the American League Rookie of the Year in 1979, but his batting average slipped to .209 last season. Also, he stole only eight bases in 20 attempts and led his league (minor or major) in errors for the fifth straight year. Last season reliever Joey McLaughlin was adroit at baiting out the pitching staff, saving 10 of the team's 37 wins. On this team every little bit helps.—S.W.

continued

National League West

LOS ANGELES

Ron Cey, who became a folk hero when he took a Goose Gosage fastball on the side of his head in the World Series and came back in the next game to get two hits and the game-winning RBI, was sitting cross-legged on the grass and talking about the Dodgers. "I guess the main thing," he says, "is there's an attitude about us that is almost arrogance." Almost?

While spring training talk raged about the holdout of Fernando Valenzuela—the Rookie of the Year and Cy Young winner, who finally came to camp on March 23—the Dodgers acted as if they could win with him or win without him. Didn't really matter if he came back or not. Jerry Reuss, who was there all spring, said, "We don't ever play for second place. We are professionals."

The Dodgers certainly won't be playing for second this year. It will be the same old familiar crowd—Cey, Steve Garvey, Bill Russell, Dusty Baker, Burt Hooton, Pedro Guerrero—with one notable exception: no Davey Lopes. Lopes, 35, the captain and second baseman, was traded to Oakland because Los Angeles thought he might be over the hill.

The interloper in an infield that had been together for nine years is Steve Sax, 22, a baseballaholic who works out eight hours a day, five days a week during the off-season. He has played in only 31 games in the bigs (replacing the injured Lopes last August), but convinced the Dodgers brass of his readiness by hitting .277 in 119 at bats and fielding adequately. Sax could become the team's fourth straight NL Rookie of the Year, following pitchers Rick Sutcliffe, Steve Howe and Valenzuela.

"This is a tremendous feeling," says Sax. "I hope they accept me." He considers it a good sign that he went out with Garvey one night in Vero Beach for a cola and conversation. Says Cey, "We're all going to have to share the responsibility for him to succeed. And we

will have to be ready to help him through his tough times. He's a young kid we've got to nurse." Dodger Vep AI Campanis admits it's a gamble to have damped Lopes in favor of Sax but says, "Those who sleep on the floor don't run the risk of falling out of bed. You've got to be bold."

And then there's the irrepressible manager, Tommy Lasorda, the only person left on earth who seriously refers to the World Series as the "fall classic." Listen to him shouting to Shortstop Russell, "This is the man! We call the dean/To us of the Dodgers/He's the finest we've seen."

And on and on. Lasorda looks very proud of himself. Russell doesn't acknowledge Lasorda. He may have another verse in mind that relates to the team's off-season acquisition of free agent Shortstop Mark Belanger, late of the Orioles: I wonder what the manager/Thinks of Belanger.—D.S.L.

The four Dodger starters in 1981 all had winning percentages of at least .643. The 1954 Giants were the last National League team on which all four starters had as high a percentage. Three of the four (Fernando Valenzuela, Jerry Reuss and Burt Hooton) had eHAs at least one run below the league mark of 3.49. The last National League staff to do that was the 1953 Braves.

HOUSTON

The newest addition to the Astros is The Hill, a large wooden structure at their spring training facility that inclines at a 38-degree angle for more than 30 feet. Running up and down it is thought to be good for the players' endurance, strength, agility, flexibility—good for everything, in fact, but their dispositions. Starting Pitcher Joe Niekro, no kid at 37, gapes, "I wonder what Babe Ruth would say about this."

Asked why he had it built, G.M. Al Rosen answered, "To make the players mad. Every millionaire I know has aggravations. This is theirs." Does Rosen see his millionaires competing against the Dodgers in the NL West? "No," he says, "I see the Dodgers competing against us." The Astro strength is pitching, just as it was last year when they

won the second season but lost the division playoff to Los Angeles in five games. "Our pitching gives us a chance to win," deadpans Manager Bill Virdon. Last year's staff had a phenomenal 2.66 ERA, lowest in the league since 1968.

There is the old cattle rancher, Nolan Ryan, who fastballed and no-hit his way to an 11-5 record and a league-leading 1.69 ERA in 1981. There is Bob Knepper, second in the league with a 2.18 ERA. There is Don Sutton, 11-9, who is coming back after having suffered a fractured right kneecap. And there is Niekro. And relievers? The statistics on page 86 confirm Joe Sanbrito's claim that "We have the best relief staff in the league." Sanbrito shares that distinction with Billy Smith and Frank LaCorte.

As for the regulars, Rosen admits, "If you pick an All-Star team, I know you don't give

serious consideration to our everyday people." A major addition late last year was Second Baseman Phil Garner, who was acquired from the Pirates. Says Garner, "Our pitching makes us good. Some hitting could make us great." The main knock on the Astros for years has been weak bats, and Howe confesses, "We've heard so much talk that we can't hit that we began wondering if we can." Houston finished a respectable sixth in average, at .257, in '81, but was eighth in runs and 11th in homers. And things don't figure to change much with the Astros having gotten Cincinnati Third Baseman Ray Knight (.259 and seven home runs in '81) in exchange for Outfielder Cesar Cedeno, who hit .271 with five homers.

Art Howe, who batted .296 last year after leading the league for a while, moves from third to first. This doesn't thrill Howe but he accepts it and keeps his mouth shut. That's the Astro way. As Garner says, "They're just a nice bunch of guys. Not like me. I feel if somebody steals second on me, the least he should expect is a little tobacco juice on his uniform. The Astros not only help you up after you've stolen on them, but they dust you off." All of which would be delightful for opponents, if they didn't have to face Houston's pitchers to get on base.—D.S.L.

Houston pitchers allowed only nine home runs in the Astrodome in 1981 and 31 on the road. By comparison, the Astro hitters had home/road totals of 16 and 29. Over the last three years the pitchers' figures are 62 and 137. The National League staff with the second-best overall record since 1979 is Los Angeles, which has surrendered 260 homers, a whopping 31% more than Houston.



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CINCINNATI

These couldn't have been the Cincinnati Reds. For one thing, they were dressed in green. For another, George Foster was in blue, orange and white, the colors of the Mets. In the Reds' outfield were Clint Hurdle, Cesar Cedeño and Paul Householder. Alex Trevino was behind the plate, and Johnny Bench, who used to be the catcher, was taking a day off from his trial at third base.

The green uniforms can be explained: They are a Reds tradition for St. Patrick's Day. Every year the green shirts of departed players are sold off, and one fan stayed in line all night for the chance to buy Foster's jersey for \$60. The Mets got Foster himself for considerably more, and on St. Patrick's Day he hit two home runs against his ex.

Cincinnati's traditional reluctance to part with the green led to the disposal of Foster

and the other outfield regulars, Dave Collins and Ken Griffey. The Reds are a somewhat conservative outfit. Not only do they forbid facial hair on players, but they also went so far as to airbrush the mustache off new infielder Wayne Krenchicko in the press guide.

In all, the team with the best record in baseball last year will open the season with new starters in five positions. Hurdle goes to left, and it may be now-or-never for the former Royal, who says his hot-dog days are over. "I used to be dressed in Christmas paper. Now I'm in a plain brown wrapper," he says. Cedeño is much happier in Cincinnati than he was in Houston, although he's miffed at the hapazard nife sewed over his name on his uniform. Householder, too, has problems with the name: It's so long that only US-HOLD fits on the uniform back. How well the Reds do may depend on how well ushold fits into the leadoff spot.

Trevino, who came from the Mets with pitchers Greg Harris and Jim Kern, will be much tougher on base runners than his predecessor, Joe Nolan. Trevino won't scare many pitchers, however; in 247 major league games, he has 67 RBIs and zero home runs.

Bench is still a productive player, but hasn't quite gotten the hang of third base. He says one of the toughest parts of his new job is understanding what Dave Concepcion is saying at shortstop. Concepcion has a new—and, for the Reds, unprecedented—five-year, \$4.5 million contract. Second Baseman Ron Oester was third on the club in RBIs last year behind Foster and Concepcion.

The pitching is topped by Tom Seaver, if he fully recovers from a nagging thigh injury, which sidelined him for much of March. He should have won the Cy Young Award last year (Fernando died off his 14-2 record and 2.55 ERA. Mario Soto is his worst second, but he was having elbow problems in spring training. Kern, now beardless, should help Tom Hume in the bullpen.

The players seem happy, which has something to do with the departure of Foster and his chafing personality. "I hope we can live up to our attitude," says Manager John McNamara. The Reds will probably need the luck of the Irish, though, to make the other NL West clubs green with envy.—S.W.

No team has won a championship of any kind while retaining only three regulars from the previous season since the Cardinals and Red Sox did it in 1946. The Reds' five new starters—Alex Trevino, Johnny Bench, Clint Hurdle, Paul Householder and Cesar Cedeño—hit about as well last year in limited playing time (.284) as the five players they are replacing (.288).

ATLANTA

"It's about time for us to do something," Braves Leftfielder Dale Murphy said recently. "We had a chance last year, but then something happened."

What?

"We played bad."

So what else is new? Since 1975, Atlanta has never finished better than fourth in its division. Last year the Braves posted .243, next to last in the league. "We can win the division," insists steady First Baseman Chris Chambliss. "It isn't beyond the realm of possibility. We've got as much talent as the Dodgers." Actually, no.

The Braves tried during the off-season to get Philie Shortstop Larry Bowa, but failed. So they're left once again with starter Rafael Ramirez, who committed a whopping 30 errors in 95 games last year while batting .218, and substitute Jerry Royster. "All we want at shortstop," says Manager Joe Torre, late of the Mets, "is somebody who can catch the ball." Overall, depth is shallow, as proved last June when the injury-beset Braves lost three consecutive games to Montreal by a combined score of 30-3.

The pitching staff, however, includes some promising young prospects who helped give

The Braves had nine different starting shortstops from 1973 through 1981—Marty Perez, Craig Robinson, Larvell Blanks, Darrell Chaney, Pal Rockett, Jerry Royster, Pepe Frias, Luis Gomez and Rafael Ramirez. Their collective batting average for those nine years was .245 and their average defensive ranking eighth. In the same period two NL teams had one regular shortstop.

the team six shutouts in spring training. Big things are expected—and desperately needed—from Larry McWilliams and Steve Bedrosian, who were 13-10 and 10-10 at Richmond respectively. Also, everyone is trying hard to view Tommy Boggs's 3-13 record for the Braves last year as plain bad luck. But what about his 4.09 ERA?

Atlanta still has Phil Niekro who, at 43, was pitching knuckleballs before some of his teammates were born. Niekro was 7-7 last year and pulled a hamstring early this spring, though he says, "What really happened was my pacemaker stopped." General Manager John Mullen says, "We know that one of these years Niekro isn't going to be able to pitch." Relievers include Rick Camp (9-3, 17 saves, 1.78 ERA) and Al Hrabosky, who says, "As long as you're in the major leagues, you don't ever have to make an excuse. There has

been too much dwelling on the negatives around here."

The club's star, Third Baseman Bob Horner, who led the team in homers (15) in 1981 for the fourth straight year, has fielded a negative or two in his time. "I'm frustrated with our team," he says. "Fourth place is not successful and fifth place is out of the question." Fourth and fifth is where the Braves finished in 1981's split season.

Understandably, interest in the Braves is lacking. Last year's average attendance was 10,927 per game, and the team is losing \$3 million to \$4 million a year. But Mullen says, "Atlanta is an instant success town. People will get excited and come out when we win a few days in a row." To this end, Torre says, "I told the players we're here to win the pennant." They'll probably give him the same answer the Mets did.—D.S.L.

continued

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CUTTY SARK

SAN FRANCISCO

The 1982 Giants pose more questions than Barbara Walters. To mention just a few: Who's pitching? Will balls hit to the right side of the infield, where 37-year-old Reggie Smith and 38-year-old Joe Morgan are supposed to play, splash On Golden Pond? And what do you serve with Chili Davis?

The first question is the biggest, because Manager Frank Robinson, recently named to the Hall of Fame, has a completely new rotation. Gone is last season's cast: Doyle Alexander, to the Yankees; Vida Blue, to the Royals; Tom Griffin, to the Pirates; Allen Ripley, to the Cubs; and Ed Whitson, to the Indians. In their place are retirees and never-weres, some of whose 1981 earned run averages tell a sobering tale. Rich Gale was 5.38 at K.C. and Doc Schatzeder 6.08 with Detroit. However, Robinson is convinced that last year was an aberration in every way. In 1980 Gale won 13 and Schatzeder 11. Robinson is betting they'll win about 30 games between them this year. For other starters he'll make do with rookie Alan Fowles, who has just two years of minor league experience, and Al Holland, a superb reliever who must now replace Blue as ace of the staff. Greg Minton and Gary LaVelle are joined in the bullpen by Rene Martin, formerly with the Royals.

Since 1969 the Giants have made 2,093 errors, or 81 more than the San Diego Padres, the National League's second most error-prone team. The only year San Francisco ranked higher than ninth in fielding percentage in the league was 1975. In 1971 the Giants became the only major league team to win the division championship while leading the league in errors.

To get Gale and Schatzeder, the Giants traded away outfielders Larry Herndon (to Detroit) and Jerry Martin (to Kansas City), leaving the coast clear for Jack Clark, the veteran prospect, in right; Jeff Leonard, who seems to have blossomed as a major league hitter, in center; and Chili Davis, the newest Giant wunderkind, in left. Davis, 22, was the hitting sensation of last spring, and, much to his surprise, stayed with the big club for the first month of the season before he was shipped back to Phoenix, where he hit .350 with 19 homers in 68 games. Davis is a supremely confident, level-headed youth who thoroughly enjoyed being, as he put it, "a phenom," and now feels he's ready for legitimate stardom. The Giants have one of the youngest outfielders in baseball—Leonard and Clark are only 26—and with Durrell Evans (35 in May) at third to go with Morgan at second and the old Dodger, Smith, at first,

they have one of the oldest infields.

Smith, who has been an outstanding switch hitter, will be getting a new baseball life as the Giants' first baseman. For all intents, he had retired after last season when he had only 35 at bats for the world champion Dodgers. A shoulder injury, suffered in July 1980, had left him unable to throw, and he was, he said, "preparing myself for another career outside the game. I had dealt with the reality of not playing." But Smith's arm regained much of its old zip, as he discovered in the off-season when he suddenly could throw a football more than 50 yards. The Giants were desperate for a power hitter who could play first, and Smith had played 87 of his 1,381 major league games there. General Manager Tom Haller called him. As Blue said shortly after he was traded, "The San Francisco organization appears not to have any sense of direction." —R.F.

SAN DIEGO

A young man in Yuma, a pile of beer cans at his feet, booted lustily as San Diego Shortstop Gary Templeton stepped into the batter's box. No stranger to such a greeting, Templeton responded by tagging the second of his three hits that afternoon. Dick Williams, the new Padre manager, watched Templeton cavort around the infield and said, "He's the best shortstop I've ever seen." Templeton may have had his disputes with Whitney Herzog, his former manager with the Cardinals, but he won't argue with Williams on this subject. Templeton wears a diamond-studded pendant shaped like a "1," the number he wears on his uniform and in his heart. Unhappy in St. Louis, Templeton let St. Louis fans, unappreciative of his attitude and conduct on the field, know who was No. 1

by thrusting his middle finger at them.

So, in an exchange of disgruntled shortstops, the Padres sent Ozzie Smith to the Cardinals and acquired the 26-year-old Templeton, a .305 career hitter who may be the best player San Diego has ever had in its 13 seasons as a major league team. "I'm doing more things here than I did in St. Louis," Templeton says. "I'm utilizing all the talent I have and not just parts of it. Playing on grass you can have more fun. On AstroTurf [in St. Louis], I was always laid back, nonchalant. On dirt [in San Diego], you have to hustle a lot."

San Diego has two important rebuilding blocks: players who can hit for a good average, and team speed. Under Frank Howard last year, the Padres fell from first to eighth in stolen bases. Williams, who stresses fundamentals, promises to have his club running

again, and with Templeton and outfielders Billy North and Gene Richards, he should make good on that promise.

What San Diego could use, though, is some power: In 55 home games in 1981, the Padres hit all of nine home runs. Their home run leader was Joe Lefebvre, who had eight. Unable to acquire someone with sock, the Padre brass did the next-best thing: They replaced the towering 17-foot outfield fence with one that was half as high. Of course, visiting teams will get a blast out of that too.

"Pitching and defense are what win games," Williams says. "We have a sound defense," he adds, leaving unaided the sound assure of a pitching staff that yielded a major league high 3.72 walks per game in 1981 and whose top starter is Juan Eichelberger (8-8). The club's saving grace—literally—should be lefty reliever Gary Lucas, who was 7-7 in 1981 with a 2.00 ERA and 13 saves in a league-leading 57 appearances.

"The Padres have been losing so long, it may be drilled into them," said John (The Count) Montefusco, the ex-Giant and Brave who joined the Padres this spring. "Once you're down, you're down for the count." Montefusco chuckled at his self-promotion. "I wish I could be like this all season," he said. Don't count on it. —B.A.

continued

How can the same man be a career .202 hitter in the first month of the season and a .347 hitter in the last? Leftfielder Gene Richards. Since coming up in 1977, Richards has batted 0-lamb-like .140, .234, .235, .213 and .173 in April, but a lion-like .350, .378, .349, .333 and .333 from Sept. 1 through the end of the season. His overall career average is .294.

National League East

MONTREAL

He's 56 and his career average was only .237 in 80 games, but he just might tip the balance of power in the NL East. In his eight seasons as the Philadelphia batting coach, Billy DeMars turned the Phillies into the best hitting team in the league. Pete Rose thinks enough of DeMars to have given him the ball for hit No. 3,500.

DeMars was dumped by the new regime in Philadelphia after 13 years in the organization, and Montreal snatched him up immediately. Even though the Expos won the division last year, they weren't a sound hitting team. Their overall average was .246, 27 points below the Phillies', and their free swinging made them easy marks. "DeMars has already helped me," says Shortstop Chris Speier, whose .225 average in 1981 makes him an obvious candidate for instruction.

Montreal will be deeper and better than it was last year especially with the acquisition of Al Oliver, a .303 lifetime hitter, to play first base. Leftfielder Tim Lincecum can expect a much tougher time from pitchers after his 71 stolen bases and .304 average. Warren Cromartie, who moves from first base to

rightfield, promises both the batting title and increased sales of the Crobar (almonds in 100% chocolate). Catcher Gary Carter will try, if at all possible, to justify his eight-year, \$15 million contract. If Centerfielder Andre Dawson gets any better, he'll be frightening. If he hits during the postseason, he'll be astonishing.

The battle of the spring occurred at second base, where incumbent Rodney Scott lost out to rookie Wallace Johnson. Scott is a good fielder, but his average has declined steadily the last four years, down to .205 in '81. Johnson provides some much-needed offense in the infield, but as President John McHale says, "You wouldn't ask him to give a seminar on ground balls."

The Expos also have nagging uncertainties

at short and third. Speier should be able to fend off Frank Taveras at shortstop only because he's stealthier. Rumor has it that Mets owner Nelson Doubleday offered a pair of Gucci loafers to the Mets executive who could make a deal to get rid of Taveras. By trading Larry Parrish to Texas for Oliver the Expos created an opening at third, which will be filled by either Tim Wallach or Brad Mills. Wallach batted .236 as a reserve outfielder with the Expos last year while Mills hit .314 playing third in Denver.

As for the pitching, well, nothing could be finer. Steve Rogers leads a staff that is unmatched in the division: Bill Gullettson, Scott Sanderson, Ray Burris and Charlie Lea. Jeff Reardon and Woodie Fryman will do the tidying up.

In the immortal words of Cromartie, "We're all just spirits in the material world. And our spirits are good." —S.W.

Montreal has always played its best ball late in the season. Since 1973, the Expos have had a better won/lost percentage in September than in the preceding months in every year except one. In the past three seasons, when they were fighting for the division title, the Expos have been 63-37 (.630) from Sept. 1 through the end of the regular season schedule.

PHILADELPHIA

Now this understated Pin Corrales has replaced acid-tongued Dallas Green as manager, an aura of brotherly love has returned to Philadelphia. So, in concert with the times, let's say some nice things about the Phillies.

Mike Schmidt is the best damn player in the game. Last year he hit for average (.316); led the league with 31 homers, 91 RBIs and 78 runs; scored, stole 12 bases; and became the third National Leaguer to earn back-to-back Most Valuable Player awards and the first to win a sixth Gold Glove at third. Schmidt did himself a disservice by naming his autobiography *Always on the Offense*. The Phillies, however, earned that title. With players like Schmidt, leftfielder Gary Matthews (.301) and First Baseman Pete Rose (.325 at age 40), they led the league in runs.

RBIs, hits and average. Rose sat out much of the spring with back spasms, but swore he would be in the lineup Opening Day.

Steve Carlton is a pitcher without peer. Also without voice. At 37 he went 13-4 and ran his all-time career strikeout record for left-handers to 3,118. In the past 10 years Carlton has won more games (185) than anyone in baseball.

The Phillies made smart off-season moves. By acquiring Cub Shortstop Evan DeJesus for Larry Bowa, they exchanged a 29-year-old for a 36-year-old. DeJesus can run, throw and catch, and he's a much better hitter than he showed last year (.194); his career average for five seasons is .257. DeJesus is also a better fielder than Bowa. Reunited with his old Cub teammate, Second Baseman Manny Trillo, he'll suffer fewer lapses of concentration. Another ex-Cub, leftfielder Mike Krukow, joins

the rotation. A .237 lifetime hitter, Krukow has an excellent curve and averaged nine wins a year in five seasons with lowly Chicago; he should be good for 12 to 15 this year with the Phils. Ed Farmer, late of the White Sox, and former Indian Sid Monge strengthen a bullpen that otherwise would have been weakened by Tim McGraw's elbow surgery. "Even if I never pick up another baseball, we'll be in good shape," says McGraw, who isn't expected back until May.

The new catcher is former Indian Bo (the Cannon) Diaz, who gunned down runners with deadly accuracy last year while Phillies opponents were stealing 75% of the times they tested Bob Boone and Keith Moreland. Says Hugh Alexander, the Phillies' chief scout, "Diaz has either the best or second-best arm of any catcher in baseball."

Behind Krukow, Dick Ruthven won 12 games but had a 5.14 ERA, and Larry Christenson, sitting and railing at Green, finished a 4-7 season in the bullpen. Healthy and happy in '82, Christenson has no excuse for balking on pickoffs and daydreaming after the fifth inning. The Phillies' ERA of 4.05 was the worst in the league. Schmidt, who joins to the point, says bluntly, "If we're 3.50 or better, we'll win the division." Good pitching will beat good feelings any day. —J.K.

In 1981 36-year-old Steve Carlton struck out 8.48 batters per nine innings, more than any other big league starter. In 1980 he struck out 8.47, finishing second to Houston's J.R. Richard (9.39). Many pitchers have averaged 8.5 Ks a game before—but not at Carlton's age. Carlton's career average of 7.1 is No. 10 on the all-time list. Nolan Ryan is first at 9.6.

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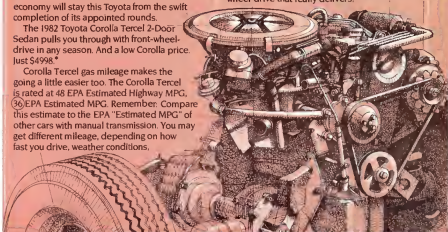
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NEW YORK

Oh, that New York, New York hyperbole. Ever since the Mets picked up George Foster in February, they've been claiming to be a contender. A dismal spring training did little to stem the enthusiasm, and even habitual cynics have been swept up in the hype. Over the past six seasons in Cincinnati, Foster homered more often than anyone but Mike Schmidt (198 to 221) and drove in more runs (671) than anyone. He'll team with First Baseman Dave Kingman and Rightfielder Ellis Valentine to create the Mets' first genuine Murderers' Row.

Starters Pat Zachry, former league ERA champ Craig Swan and onetime Cy Young Award winner Randy Jones are a healthy threesome for the first time as Mets. The arrival of an excellent coaching staff and a can-do manager, George Bamberger, further heightens expectations. "If you have goals, you're at 80 percent efficiency," says Foster. "If you don't, you're at 20 percent."

Unfortunately, Murderers' Row will shoot blanks at times. Valentine overswing trying to prove himself last year and his .206, Kingman has had one outstanding season in 11 and even Foster has critics. They maintain that George plays merely for himself and that only an all-around performer can lift a weak team.

ST. LOUIS

Without so much as a single player who hit 20 home runs or won more than 10 games, St. Louis had the third-best record in the major leagues last season. "That Whitty Herzog," said baseball men of the Cardinals' manager and general manager. "He does it with ninnies."

Not really. "People forget about our park and team," Herzog says. "In Busch Stadium you win with speed and defense, not homers. And we had such great relief pitching we didn't need 20-game winners." Players like First Baseman Keith Hernandez, Second Baseman Tommy Herr, Third Baseman Ken Oberkfell and Rightfielder George Hendrick don't just reach base, they take extra ones. "If you played the Cardinals, you were always shook up," says Leftfielder Lonnie Smith, late of the Phillies. Smith will shake 'em up even more with his sprinter's speed and .321 lifetime average.

The new shortstop, former Padre Ozzie Smith, can't hit like the departed Garry Templeton, but he's a less disruptive influence and a better fielder. Rookie David Green won the centerfield job in spring training. But at 21 and with just three years in pro ball, that's what he is—green.

In their 20-year history the Mets' batting average has never equaled the overall league average. Their 1969 and '73 pennant winners hit eight points below the average. The Mets' average team has hit 13 points below the league standard, by comparison only Toronto and Minnesota in the AL and the Cubs in the NL hit as many as 13 points below their respective league averages in 1981.

"When you talk about the past, 90 percent of the time you're talking negatively," says Foster, who obviously believes in the percentages. "When you're talking about the future, 90 percent of the time you're talking positively." Sorry, George, but the pitching staff's past could be prologue. Swan is throwing without pain for the first time in 20 months, but he developed so many bad habits that Pitching Coach Bill Monbouquette had to "break him down"—i.e., re-teach him fundamentals in Florida.

Jones had a major adjustment of his own to make. By throwing too hard last year, the sinkerballer got his pitches up and had the first unfavorable strikeout-walk ratio in his career. Zachry has a history of getting hurt after pitching well in April, starter Mike Scott is just another challenger and Pete Falcone must pick up a slider to be effective. No wonder General Manager Frank Cashen spent the

spring seeking pitching. His failure shifts the focus to Bamberger's teaching ability—spitters?—and to Catcher John Stearns. Although he's an engaging fellow with all the tools, Stearns' football-bred intensity has prevented him from stroking pitchers' egos. "I'm working on sliding up to them," he says. Yet another problem: Having traded Shortstop Frank Taveras and Second Baseman Doug Flynn, the Mets are left with fallible infielders Tom Verzyer and Wally Backman (good hitters who lack range), Ron Gardenhire (good fielder, unproved hitter) and Bob Bailor (most valuable coming off the bench).

Nonetheless, the Mets should finish higher than fifth for the first full season since 1976. Neil Allen is a fine relief pitcher, Centerfielder Mookie Wilson and Third Baseman Hubie Brooks became fixtures as freshmen, and Joel Youngblood (.350 last season) and Rusty Staub (.317) come off the bench.—J.K.

In 1980 St. Louis led the National League in team batting, but still lost 88 games and finished fourth. It had 27 defeats in which it out-hit the opposition, more than any other NL team. In '81 the Cardinals had only four defeats in which they out-hit their opponents, less than any other major league team. They had the best overall record in the NL East and their hitters ranked third in the league.

St. Louis could use a power boost. Hendrick, with 18 homers, was the only deep threat last year, which is why the Cards will sometimes play 35-year-old Gene Tenace at first against left-handed pitchers. "He's a great clutch hitter who can also walk 100 times a year, so you've got to play him," says Hernandez, who will move to left on those occasions. Some power should come also from Catcher Darrell Porter, who was knocked out of the lineup last May by a torn rotator cuff.

The pitching rotation still lacks a stopper. Bob Forsch and Joaquin Andujar are the only starters who have won 10 games in a season. John Martin has 10 wins and five complete games in his major league career. Steve Mura (5-14 with San Diego) is getting an optimistic buildup. "He'll be better with a good team," says Hernandez. Adds Herzog, "You have to be a good pitcher to go out there often enough

to lose 14 times." Well, Mura did have a good year in 1980 (8-7, 109 strikeouts in 149 innings). The key to the staff is Andy Rincon, who had a 3-1 record and a 1.75 ERA before breaking his pitching arm last year. Rincon returned too soon and finished the season doing miserably (1-5, 6.66) in the minors. Herzog says he could win 18 to 20 games. "If I pitch every week I'll help the club a great deal," says Rincon.

Not necessarily. In a single spring training inning Rincon balked, threw a pickoff into the bullpen and missed a relay. Some other bad signs: Lonnie Smith plays the outfield like a Navy recruit ("It's not a job, it's an adventure"), and reliever Bruce Sutter wasn't at his best last year.

The Cardinals have alternated winning and losing seasons since 1975, so guess what they're due for in 1982.—J.K.

PITTSBURGH

Sounds of spring

"If we're going to win, everybody has to have a good year, two or three guys have to have outstanding years and we have to stay free of injuries"—Manager Chuck Tanner.

"If [Pitcher] Don Robinson is healthy, he's as good as there is"—Coach Harvey Hodder.

"If we play the way we can..."—First Baseman Jason Thompson.

How did the 1979 world champions decline to a team with such iffy hopes for 1982? Well, consider how they won in 1979. "A lot of people had great years," says Shortstop Dale Berra, son of Yogi and a sub that championship season. "Phil Garner and Tim Lincecum were sensational, and every time we needed a hit from Willie Stargell, we got it."

Much has changed since then. With Shortstop Foli and Second Baseman Garner gone and Stargell, 41, finishing his career as caddy to Thompson and counsel to Rightfielder Dave Parker, the Pirates are struggling.

To be sure, they can still hit and run. Determined to make Pittsburgh writers and Executive Vice-President Pete Peterson "eat crow" for past criticism, Parker lost 30 pounds, worked as hard as any Pirate during spring training and strong line drives all over Florida. "He could have the kind of season he had two

years ago," says Peterson. That means .295, 17, 79. Last year Third Baseman Bill Madlock won his third batting title (.341), Catcher Tony Pena hit .360 as a rookie and Centerfielder Omar Moreno stole 39 bases. Leftfielders Mike Easler and Lee Lacy—or is it Lee Lacy and Mike Easler?—continued their successful platooning act.

But hitting and running are Pirate givens; they must win or lose on pitching and defense. "We have to have a good double-play combination," says Peterson. "Second Baseman Johnny Ray has been in organized baseball only three years and Berra has been a part-timer." For the pitching to be competitive, Tanner and Peterson freely concede, Don Robinson and John Candelaria must be healthy. Robinson can throw a fastball 90 mph and a curve almost as fast, but at 24 he has had a lifetime of medical problems. Candelaria got in only six games last year because

of a torn biceps. Although his arm was "tingling" this spring, he took ironic pleasure in the reappearance of an old back injury. "The two years it didn't hurt I pitched lousy," he says. What if Candelaria and Robinson aren't fit? Well, Kent Tekulve is a better reliever than he showed in 1981, and Rod Scurry is more than adequate from the left side. Beyond them are Ross Baumgarten, recently acquired from the White Sox, and journeymen Rick Rhoden and Eddie Solomon.

Ignoring his problems for a moment, Tanner says hopefully, "Every day you have a 50-50 chance. If you're 81-81, you're average. We play 26 weeks. What if we win one extra game every two weeks? We're real good. An extra game every week? We're extraordinary. That's how close it is."

Peterson is more realistic: "We have more wins this year than in any year I can remember." Memories may be all Pittsburgh has—J.K.

Dave Parker's offensive decline the last two seasons from an overall .327 average in his glory years of 1977-79 to .284 in 1980-81 can be traced to his play at home in Three Rivers Stadium. His road batting average in '77-79 was .298 compared to the .291 of '80-81. Not a big difference. But his home average in '77-79 was .356 compared to .274 the last two years.

CHICAGO

"The only person I recognize around here," says Ferguson Jenkins, a Cub pitcher for the first time since 1973, "is Yosh Kawanu." How true. Kawanu, who was the team's clubhouse man before Mrs. O'Leary owned a cow, is about all that's left of the old tradition. And that's exactly the way new General Manager Dallas Green wants it. With the blessing of the new owners, the Tribune Company, Green is restructuring the Cubs from the front office to the playing field in an effort to banish forever the team's image as lovable losers—36 years without a pennant, 73 without a world championship and still counting. "Building a New Tradition" is the theme he has written for this season. And to help him build, Green has enlisted a crew of old Philies, so many in fact that they are calling the Cubs "Philadelphia West."

Green managed the phlebotomy Philies of 1980 to a world championship and he's hoping some of the magic will rub off on his new team. Green's manager is Lee Elia, who was the Philies' third-base coach the past two years. He also imported from Philadelphia Shortstop Larry Bowa, Catcher-Infielder-Outfielder Keith Moreland, Infielder-Outfielder Ryne Sandberg and Pitchers Dickie

Noles and Dan Larson. It's a shame that Mike Schmidt and Steve Carlton could meet with them because, as Bill Buckner, the holdover first baseman and ranking star, says, "Let's see, last year we were last in hitting and second to last in pitching and fielding. I guess you could say that there is some room for improvement."

Bowa, who is 36 but as feisty as ever, will join Buckner in giving some stability to an infield that is in a state of flux. According to Elia, second base was "a dogfight" until Green settled it by acquiring Bump Wills from Texas two weeks ago. Sandberg, a rookie who can play four positions, replaces Third Baseman Ken Reitz, who was released. Sandberg batted .292 with 32 stolen bases in Oklahoma City last year.

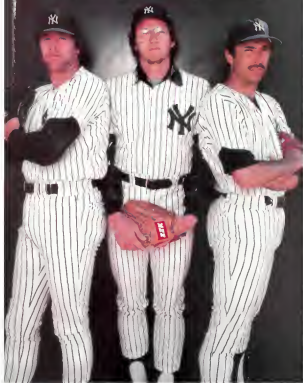
The Cubs will stay with Steve Henderson in left and Leon (Bull) Durham in right. When spring training opened, centerfield was wide

open, the leading candidates being Terry Walker, Mel Hall, Gary Woods and Jerry Morales. Of that comparatively beardless assemblage, only Morales has any extensive major league experience. The winner was Walker, who hit .268 in 30 games at third base with the Cubs last year.

Moreland and the promising Jody Davis are both fine young catchers, though Moreland can play just about any position. Then, alas, there's the pitching. The bullpen is O.K. with Dick Tidrow and comebacking Bill Campbell, but the starters must come from among the 38-year-old Jenkins, Noles, Larson, Doug Bird, Allen Ripley and Randy Martinez. Jenkins, winner of 264 major league games, may make the Hall of Fame someday, but he was only 5-8 with a 4.50 ERA at Texas last season, and he's just hanging on now. The others will definitely make the Hall of Fame—assuming they buy tickets.—R.F.

Good teams need good left-handed pitching, and the Cubs haven't had a left-hander with 200 innings in a season since 1970. Since 1969, the 52 divisional champions have started left-handers 37% more times than the 52 last-place teams. The first-place teams have had more southpaws than the last-place teams in 12 of the 13 seasons baseball has had four divisions.

320



Murderers Row: Yankees Gossage, Davis and LaRoche finished Nos. 1, 5, 6 in the AL.

After the 1981 season ended, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** asked the Elias Sports Bureau of New York City to research a statistical system that would fairly—and definitively—evaluate relief pitchers. It was our opinion that relievers have never been analyzed properly and that the systems used to rate relievers have substantial flaws. For instance, the *Rolaids Relief Man* and *The Sporting News* awards are determined only by a reliever's won-lost record and saves. The antacid promotion—baseball's official standard of reliever supremacy—uses a system that awards two points for each relief win or save and subtracts one point for each relief loss. *The Sporting News* honor goes to the pitcher with the highest total of relief wins and saves. Both awards use earned run average as a tiebreaker. (Baseball's Basic Agreement offers a third method, but it judges relievers over a two-year period, includes their starting appearances and puts special emphasis on number of appearances and innings pitched.)

The *Rolaids* and *The Sporting News* awards are necessarily limited to relievers who get the most opportunities for wins and saves, namely the short relievers. In 1981 Milwaukee's Rolfe Fingers and St. Louis' Bruce Sutter—two of baseball's archetypal short men—received the American and National League awards from both *Rolaids* and *The Sporting News*; Fingers also won the American League's Cy Young and MVP awards. Nine of the top 10 relievers worked exclusively or primarily in short relief.

The rating system created by SI goes far beyond anything hitherto conceived.

The New Way To Spell Relief

SI's comprehensive rating system proves there's more to judging relief pitchers than just counting their wins and saves **by Jim Kaplan**

Our ratings incorporate eight categories and evaluate long, middle and spot relievers as well as short men. And now, with no apologies to Fingers and Sutter, our winners are . . . Goose Gossage of the Yankees and lefthander Joe Sambito of the Houston Astros, who were Nos. 2 and 7, respectively, in the other ratings. In fact, six of our top 10 finishers (see charts on pages 83 and 86) didn't even appear among the top 10 on the other two lists: long relievers Sammy Stewart of Baltimore and Dave LaRoche of the Yankees, middle reliever Ron Davis of the Yankees, short-middle reliever Jeff Reardon of the Mets and Expos, and short men Tug McGraw of the Phillies and Kevin Hickey of the White Sox. Their subtle contributions went unnoticed in a mere accounting of wins and saves. At the same time, four pitchers who finished high in the awards competitions—Mark Clear of the Red Sox, Steve Howe of the Dodgers, Tippy Martinez of the Orioles and Steve Comer of the Rangers—are barely to be found in our rankings.

The flaw in the Rolands and *The Sporting News* systems is their criteria. Wins? A reliever is supposed to hold a game in check, not win it. In fact, relievers often get wins after bad performances. Inheriting a 4-3 lead over the

Mets last June 9, the Reds' Tom Hume yielded the tying run on three singles and a walk. But because the Reds rallied to score four runs in the ninth, Hume got the win. Fact is, many premier relievers have relief records that border on .500. Fingers (101-90), Sutter (35-35), Sambito (31-29), Mike Marshall (92-98). Saves? They're awarded only to pitchers who finish games. A successful reliever need not be the Gossage, Fingers or Sutter who gets the last out. He may pitch a couple of innings of useful middle relief, as the Yankees' Davis does better than anyone. He may throw three or more innings of long relief to keep a game close, the specialty of Baltimore's Stewart, who was second in the American League last year with a 2.33 ERA. Or he may be the classy old lefty—Grant Jackson, now with Kansas City, comes to mind—who strolls in at a critical juncture to retire just one or two men. To the awards people, these guys are real nowhere men. (If Rolands "spells R-E-L-I-E-F," why can't Elmer's Glue-All "spell H-O-L-D?" Elmer could name his award after Horatius, the fellow who held the bridge.)

Back to reality. ERA serves as a good method for judging a pitcher's effectiveness against the batters he faces, but it tells you nothing about his ability to keep the previous pitcher's runners from scoring. Early last season the Royals led the Orioles 2-0 when KC starter Dennis Leonard loaded the bases to start the eighth. Dan Quisenberry relieved and gave up a two-run double and a sacrifice fly, leading to a 3-2 Oriole victory. Because all three runs were charged to Leonard, Quisenberry's disastrous outing wasn't reflected in his stats for the game: 2 IP, 0 ER.

Clearly, the times cry out for new criteria, even if California's Manager Gene Mauch does rail, "We've got too damn many stats in baseball now." Mauch feels that any new stat will inevitably become "just another negotiating tool for some agent," but the fact is that many teams

and some individual players have always kept private files. So a public accounting is now in order.

Using the services of Elias, the official statistician of the National League, the NBA and the NFL, and box scores from the 1981 split season, SI has come to the rescue and developed a unique method of measuring relief. Four of our eight statistics—holds, first-batter effectiveness, run prevention and percentage of a pitcher's appearances in which he gets a win, save or hold—have never before been tabulated for all major league teams.

The hold category is an ideal measure



Expo Reardon had the NL's most holds and fewest runners.

for a pitcher like Davis. "Any reliever who helps his team but doesn't win or save should get a hold," he says. "He should get one if he comes in and retires the only batter he faces. He should get one if he preserves a lead or prevents a losing game from getting more one-sided. More than one pitcher on a team can get a hold and you can get them whether or not your team wins." SI's hold category took all of these circumstances into consideration with the proviso that the reliever completed at least one inning.

Davis' leadership in this category isn't surprising. Pitching almost as effectively in the seventh and eighth innings as Gossage did in the ninth, Davis has helped create a new concept in baseball: the six-inning ball game. Opponents had better

continued



No. 1 on other lists, Sutter was No. 5 here.



be leading the Yankees after six, if not. Davis-Gossage will surely shut them down the rest of the way. An instructive outing was June 6 in New York. With the Yankees leading Chicago 2-0 after six, Davis relieved starter Doug Bird. Davis pitched two innings of one-hit ball. Gossage cleaned up in the ninth and the Yankees won 2-0. Strictly routine. Bird got the win, Gossage got the save—and Davis got nothing. We say he deserved a hold. Having created the six-inning ball game, Davis and Gossage now give the Yankees the luxury of harboring six-inning starters.

Middle relievers are notoriously unappreciated. "Middle relief is just treated as nothing," says Sparky Lyle of Philadelphia, who won the Cy Young Award as a Yankee short man in 1977. "You have no chance to make any money." Middle relievers get few saves, and the rare years in which they win big often come when their teams have successful short men. In

1977 Pittsburgh's Kent Tekulve had a 10-1 record, but his teammate Gossage had 26 saves. In 1980 Davis was 9-3 but Gossage was again the bullpen favorite 33 saves.

The hold also benefits long relievers, who may be the most frustrated pitchers of all. They occupy the lowest rung on the relief ladder and get virtually no credit for one of the grimmest jobs in baseball. "A long reliever just has to work his way up to short reliever," says Bob Sykes, who was traded from the Cardinals to the Yankees over the winter and was sent down to Columbus last week. Long men need at least three pitches; they often warm up without entering the game, and they must be durable enough to last six or seven innings.

Players back the hold concept overwhelmingly. Speaking eloquently for all relievers, Minnesota short man Doug Corbett says, "The hold brings grandeur to the long or middle reliever who otherwise ends up in oblivion."

So does first-batter effectiveness. A few relievers don't like this category, claiming they're often asked to pitch around the first batter. However, such managers as Mauch and the Cardinals' Whitey Herzog disagree. "Getting the first guy out is the only thing that matters," says Mauch. "So many times the game's right there," says Herzog.

Especially when men are in scoring position, which brings us to run prevention. This category awards relievers points for men who are left in scoring position and subtracts points for runners who are allowed to score. With two out in the ninth, runners on first and third and a one-run lead over the Cubs last May 4, Sambuto had just one job upon entering the game. Retire Leon Durham. Sambuto struck him out. "A reliever's job is to keep runs from scoring," says the Yankees' recently acquired Shane Rawley. Hume agrees, saying, "It bothers me more when I give up a run that's charged to the pitcher I replaced than to give up one that's charged to myself." Managers and pitching coaches point out that some situations (men on first, two out) are less challenging than others (men on second and third, none out). Thus, SI restricts the run-prevention category to men in scoring position; it judges only effectiveness under stress.

Among our other categories, players consider ERA a fair standard for long re-

continued

The Tigers' Saucier (left) and the Royals' Quisenberry ranked Nos. 3 and 4 at the AL.





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lielers who start many of their own innings, saves a good measure for short relievers and win/save/hold percentage a means of equalizing pitchers on winning and losing teams. The best equalizers of all may be our final two categories—runners on base per nine innings and innings pitched in relief. The runners-on-base category applies equally to all relief pitchers. Relief innings, surprisingly, are as fair a gauge for short relievers as for long. A long reliever may pitch more innings in a single outing, but he can't pitch every day and may be diverted by spot starts. A good—and healthy—short man will rack up innings galore.

To be eligible for our charts, a pitcher had to make at least 25 relief appearances in 1981. He got 10 points for each first-place finish in a category down to one point for each 10th.

Some of the findings are anything but surprising. As the most celebrated and salaried of their kind, short relievers dominate the overall standings, and Gossage and Fingers are the best. You expected Bobby Sprowl?

The most impressive new stat on Gossage is his win/save/hold percentage: He got one of the three in 87.5% of the games in which he appeared. Why wasn't Gossage—baseball's best relief pitcher—the American League's MVP and Cy Young winner instead of Fingers? Because redoubtable Rollie appeared in 47 games to 32 for Gossage; Goose, remember, missed 40 days of the already shortened season with various back, shoulder and groin ailments.

As expected, Davis dominated the hold category and finished fifth overall in the league. But how did a third Yan-

kee, Dave LaRoche, who starts this season as a player-coach in Columbus, inch into the top 10? In a typical outing LaRoche—and his LaLob delivery—pitched five scoreless innings against the Royals on May 20 and left with the score 4-4 in the ninth. He was forgotten by the time the Yanks won 5-4 in 11. "Anybody who follows a team knows who's doing his job," says LaRoche, who figures to be recalled later in the season.

Even devoted Astro fans may be surprised at Sambito's first-place finish in the National League. Sambito was understandably overlooked on a staff featuring the highest-salaried starting rotation in baseball and two other good relievers, Dave Smith and Frank LaCorte. But Sambito's grip is solid. He was the only pitcher in either league to place among the top 10 in seven of the eight

continued

American League

	PTS.	ERA	SAVES	IP IN RELIEF	RUNNERS PER 9 IP	HOLDS ¹	W/S/H ²	1ST BTR ON BASE ³	+/- RUN PREVENT ⁴
1. Goose Gossage, NY	45	1 (0.77)	2 (20)		1 (8.35)		1 (.875)	5 (210)	
2. Rollie Fingers, Mil	43	2 (1.04)	1 (28)	5 (78)	2 (7.38)		2 (.851)		
3. Kevin Saucier, Det	40	4 (1.65)	8 (13)		4 (8.00)		8 (.578)	1 (132)	3 (+14)
4. Dan Gullett, KC	35	5 (1.74)	3 (18)		5 (8.73)		4 (.873)	3 (184)	
5. Ron Davis, NY	32			8 (73)	3 (8.51)	1 (21)	3 (.721)	8 (233)	
6. Doug Corbett, Minn	23	10 (2.58)	4 (17)	3 (88)	8 (10.33)	8 (11)	10 (.558)		
7. Sammy Stewart, Balt	22	3 (1.58)		1 (87)				7 (231)	
8. Dave LaRoche, NY	21.5	8 (1.88)			8 (8.84)	4 (12)	8 (.640)		
9. Don Aase, Cal	18.5	8 (2.35)	8 (11)			8 (11)	5 (.887)	10 (237)	
10. Kevin Hickey, Chi	18							2 (146)	4 (+12)
11. Tom Burgmeier, Bos	15							8 (228)	1 (+18)
12. Lemar Hoyt, Chi	13		8 (10)	4 (87)			7 (.585)		
13. Joey McLaughlin, Tor	13		8 (10)					4 (200)	
14. Roy Lee Jackson, Tor	11.5					8 (11)	2 (15)	8 (.590)	
15. Larry Andersen, Sea	10			10 (88)	8 (8.83)	4 (12)			
16. Bob Dwchinski, Oak	8								2 (+15)
17. Bob Stanley, Bos	8			2 (81)					
18. Jamie Easterly, Mil	8.5					2 (15)			
19. Tippy Martinez, Balt	8.5		8 (11)						7 (+8)
20. Ed Farmer, Chi	8		8 (10)						5 (+11)
21. Dan Spillner, Cleve	8	7 (2.18)			7 (8.87)				
22. Jeff Jones, Oak	6.5		28. Don Cooper, Minn		2		31. Sid Monge, Cleve		0
23. Andy Hessler, Cal	6		28. Jerry Garvin, Tor		1.5		31. Jack O'Connor, Minn		0
24. Mark Clever, Bos	5		30. Shane Rawley, Sea		0.5		31. Tim Stoddard, Balt		0
25. Steve Comer, Tex	5		31. Jerry Augustine, Mil		0		31. Dave Tobin, Det		0
26. Bill Campbell, Bos	2		31. Dick Drago, Sea		0		31. John Verhoeven, Minn		0
27. Reggie Cleveland, Md	2		31. Rennie Martin, KC		0				

1—Awarded to reliever who, in a minimum one-inning appearance, prevents a lead from decreasing, a deficit from increasing or a tie from becoming a deficit.

2—The percentage of a reliever's overall appearances in which he earns a win, save or hold.

3—If the first batter is walked intentionally, the second batter is the criterion.

4—A reliever who enters a game with fewer than two outs earns +2 for each runner in scoring position who doesn't score and -2 for each who scores. If there are two outs, the point totals are +1 and -3.

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National League

	PTS.	ERA	SAVES	IP IN RELIEF	RUNNERS PER 9 IP	HOLDS*	W/S/H†	1ST BTR DN BASE‡	+/- RUN PREVENT§
1. Joe Sambito, New	42.5	2 (1.53)	7 (10)		2 (5.73)	5 (18)	8 (.673)	5 (.208)	2 (+18)
2. Jeff Reardon, NY-Mont	40	5 (2.18)		10 (70)	1 (5.81)	1 (20)	3 (.721)		5 (+8)
3. Gary Lucas, SD	35.5	4 (2.00)	5 (13)	1 (80)	10 (10.20)	2 (18)	7 (.584)		
4. Rick Camp, Atl	34.5	1 (1.78)	4 (17)	5 (78)	6 (8.24)		4 (.705)		
5. Bruce Sutter, St. L	32.5		1 (25)	3 (82)	3 (8.85)		4 (.708)		
6. Dave Smith, Hou	32			5 (75)	4 (8.90)	5 (16)	2 (.738)	4 (.166)	
7. Tug McGraw, Phil	21.5		7 (10)		7 (8.41)		8 (.878)	2 (.155)	5 (+5)
8. Tom Hume, Cin	20.5		5 (13)				8 (.886)		1 (+18)
9. Ned Allen, NY	15		3 (18)				1 (.744)		
10. Greg Minton, SF	15		2 (21)	2 (84)					
11. Al Nolasco, SF	13			4 (75)					5 (+11)
11. John Littlefield, SD	13					5 (17)		1 (.143)	
13. Sparky Lyle, Phil	12			8 (75)		2 (15)			
14. Fred Breining, SF	10			5 (73)		5 (18)		5 (.227)	
14. Kent Tekulve, Pitt	10	8 (2.45)				2 (18)			
15. Woodie Fryman, Mont	8	3 (1.88)							
16. Gene Garber, Atl	8				5 (8.15)			5 (.228)	
15. Grant Jackson, Pitt-Mont	8								3 (+14)
18. Gary Lavelle, SF	8							3 (.151)	
15. Leo Smith, Chi	8							10 (.231)	4 (+13)
21. Pete Falcone, NY	7		27. John Urrea, SD	3		35. Doug Rieis, Cin-St. L	0		
22. Jim Kast, St. L	5		28. Joe Price, Cin	2.5		35. Larry Bradford, Atl	0		
23. Dick Tidrow, Chi	5.5		30. Bobby Castillo, LA	2		35. Mark Littell, St. L	0		
24. Dave Stewart, LA	5		31. Dan Boone, SD	1.5		35. Paul Moskau, Cin	0		
25. Newt Earwick, Chi	4		31. Doug Capelle, SD	1.5		35. Mike Proby, Phil	0		
25. Dave LaCorte, Hou	4		31. Enrique Romo, Pitt	1.5		35. Ray Searage, NY	0		
27. Ron Reed, Phil	3		34. Steve Howe, LA	0.5		35. Elias Sosa, Mont	0		

1 - Awarded to a reliever who, in a minimum one-inning appearance, prevents a lead from decreasing, a deficit from increasing or a tie from becoming a deficit.

2 - The percentage of a reliever's overall appearances in which he earns a win, save or hold.

3 - If the first batter is walked intentionally, the second batter is the criterion.

4 - A reliever who enters a game with fewer than two outs gets +2 for each runner in scoring position who doesn't score and -2 for each who scores. If there are two outs, the point totals are +1 and -3.

categories. No National Leaguer was more effective at retiring the first batter with men in scoring position. After Aug. 27 Sambito relieved with 12 men on base, and none scored. No wonder Houston won the NL West's second-half title.

Jeff Reardon's second-place finish is equally notable. When the Mets traded him to the Expos for Ellis Valentine on May 29, Reardon not only had in change teams but also styles. A sometimes-middle reliever with New York, he switched to short relief with Montreal. As the Expos held off St. Louis to win the NL East's second half, Reardon allowed just one run in his last nine appearances.

The third-place finisher is a name that few people outside San Diego know at all: the Padres' Gary Lucas, a top 10 fin-

isher in six different categories. Two other high-ranking pitchers on low-ranking teams are Atlanta's Rick Camp, whose ERA has been under 2.00 the last two seasons, and San Francisco's Greg Minton, who hasn't allowed a home run in his last 255 innings.

Sutter's fifth-place finish may seem surprising, but not to those who watched him pitch from the stretch. On nine of 11 occasions when Sutter relieved with fewer than two outs and men in scoring position, the opposition scored at least one run. Sutter was much better with two outs, but his overall score of -10 is unimpressive, to say the least. Other notable absentees from run-prevention leadership are Gossage, Fingers, Quisenberry, Tekulve and Basic Agreement leader Corbett. Hume, the National League

leader in this category, got out of scoring threats 80% of the time, both with two outs and fewer. (The major league average was approximately 75% with two outs and 50% with fewer than two.) Sambito survived all eight two-out appearances and six of seven low-out showdowns. American League leader Tom Burgmeier of Boston escaped 15 of 16 two-out jams. Talk about pitching under pressure: Detroit's Kevin Stauter, who came in with men on base 29 of 38 times, was the best at retiring the first batter in the midst of scoring threats.

Run prevention is an important category because it is the statistic of ultimate accountability, giving little-used but oh-so-effective specialists their due. Just check out the American League leaders: two Red Sox other than Clegg, two play-

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ers from the purportedly weak A's bullpen, erstwhile softballer Hickey and the almost unknown Don Cooper of Minnesota.

Because the pitchers in the National League can be lifted for pinch hitters, they are more likely than American Leaguers to start innings. Suter led the NL in saves because there were no men on base in 31 of his 48 appearances. As for the American Leaguers, Gossage and Fingers were somewhat pampered; Gossage reported with men in scoring position eight times, Fingers 16. The statistic that really separates them is first-batter effectiveness, in which Gossage was among the leaders and Fingers wasn't. But when it comes to cranking it up for a single batter, both could have taken lessons from golden oldies McGraw (37) and St. Louis' Jim Kaat (43).

Eleven of the 20 hold leaders played for teams with losing records. Of the holdsters on winning teams, the Yankees' Davis and LaRoche and the Brewers' Jamie Easterly used the category to escape from the shadows as stoppers.

Surprisingly, not only long and middle relievers picked up holds; short men from weak teams or from bullpens where the work load was shared also got holds. Note the totals for Tekulve (19), Sambito (18) and Corbett (11). The long man's long man, Baltimore's Stewart, wasn't



Camp's bubble never burst; the Atlanta ace was No. 4.

among the hold leaders; nevertheless, he led all relievers in innings pitched, and all long and middle men in ERA, and was seventh among American League pitchers in first-batter effectiveness.

A final conclusion: The best long men inevitably play for strong clubs. If they pitched for teams with weak rotations, they'd be converted to starters.

Unfortunately, statistics in only two of our eight categories—ERA and saves—

will be regularly published during the 1982 season. We'll have to evaluate daily performances from the box scores. "Watch the hits-to-innings and strikeouts-to-walks ratios," says statistician Steve Hirdt of the Elias Bureau. "They're good indices."

Meanwhile, several managers suggested to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that we should tabulate "chokes." Other observers mentioned "scares," to be defined as "when the sight of a reliever warming up scares the opposition into stopping a rally." Or how about the reverse situation, says Quisenberry. "Call it a Carole King. It's when you're loose and ready to enter a game, but you look up and the starter has just given up a two-run homer to lose, and 'It's too late, Baby, it's too late.'"

Count on Quisenberry, the Royal Mad Hatter, to see the big picture: "How about setting up something like in diving? Have a degree of difficulty for save situations—only no judges from Eastern Bloc countries. Maybe you could have half saves, like half sacks in the NFL. But I think the real need is to come up with something different at the end of games. Coming off the mound with a fist or arms raised is old hat. After one of my games last year, I walked straight to the dugout and didn't shake hands with anyone."

His Style Is Perfect For Hairy Situations

On the mound or in the salon, Joe Sambito of the Houston Astros leaves 'em high and dry almost every time **by Steve Wulf**

He has a classic style with a solid set, an economy of motion and a picture-perfect follow-through that ends in a dramatic tuck. Yes, Joe Sambito's hair is something to behold.

As for his pitching delivery, well, it's every bit as smooth as his do. And, according to the envelope opened in the previous pages, it made him the best relief pitcher in the National League last year. Joe Sambito of the Houston Astros would like to thank his mother and fa-

ther, his coaches and managers, the gang back in Hicksville, N.Y., Bob Cluck, Roger Freed, his wife, Denise, his two children and all the other little people who made it possible.

Sambito was surprised when he was told that, according to SI's rating system, he's the reigning reliever in the league, but then he's surprised he's even in the major leagues. Whereas most big leaguers shed their humility along the way, Sambito is still pinching himself. "I ex-

ceeded my expectations long ago," he says. "Who would have thought I'd be starting my seventh year. My gosh, I'm an established veteran."

He was a very good pitcher at Bethpage High School on Long Island, but he was ignored by the New York Mets after a tryout at Shea Stadium in 1970. He was a very good pitcher at that perennial baseball power, Adelphi University in Garden City, N.Y., but he wasn't drafted until the 17th round in 1973 by the Astros. "There were 19 players drafted by the Astros that year," he points out, "and

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That hair! That smile! Sambito has star quality.

Nos. 18 and 19 didn't sign." He was a very good pitcher in the minors, but he lacked a major league fastball. He was made a relief pitcher in 1977 simply because the Astros had nobody else from the left side.

Five years later, Sambito is in an exhibit on active players in the Hall of Fame, albeit the Italian-American hall outside of Chicago. This "established veteran" has 68 saves, a lifetime ERA of 2.50 and an average of more than seven strikeouts and fewer than three walks per nine innings. He would have even more saves, but Houston has excellent starters and two other fine relievers, Dave Smith and Frank LaCorte, who finished sixth and 25th, respectively, in the SI rankings. Sambito also has a head of hair that causes him no end of ribbing from his teammates.

His secrets of success include not one, but two major league fastballs, a nasty slider and not one, but "two or three" hair dryers. He holds one fastball so that the ball sails in on right-handed hitters. The other fastball sinks. He employs a conventional grip on both the slider and the hair blower.

Good pitches do not a good pitcher make, however. Houston Coach Mel Wright maintains that what distinguishes Sambito is his conditioning. "I can't ever recall his having a pulled muscle or sore arm," says Wright, rapping a bench with his knuckles. "He's got a loose, athletic body." Smith marvels at Sambito's control. "If he's six inches off, he's wild." Manager Bill Virdon likes Sambito's concentration, and so does Sambito. "They tell me my eyes glaze over," says the normally dewy-eyed reliever.

Twenty years ago, Jennie Sambito always knew where to find Joey. "He'd be throwing a tennis ball against the wall of the elementary school behind our house," she says. "I'd just go out the back door and call him to dinner."

His father, Anthony, who worked in the garment trade, was an overriding influence on Joey. "He never pushed me, only encouraged me," Joey says. His father also used to be a barber in the Navy and kept his children in

crew cuts. Sambito's been making up for it ever since.

Pat Calabria, a sportswriter for *Newsday*, played with Joey on the Bethpage High baseball team. "He was just a kid from the neighborhood," Calabria says. "He was a very good pitcher, but not a real eye-opener. He didn't blow anybody away. His father looked very big and tough, but he was very low-key. He'd sit in the stands and not say a word."

Joey's high school coach, Harry Settimo, recalls the 1969 season. "That was the year of the Miracle Mets. We had a righthanded pitcher named Bob Maller, he was Tom Seaver and Joey was Jerry Koosman. People would go around school asking if Seaver or Koosman were pitching today. We even got a write-up in *Newsday* about that."

Settimo took Joey to Shea Stadium for a tryout during the 1970 season, but the Mets were unimpressed, so Joey enrolled at Adelphi and studied physical therapy. In his junior year he was 7-1 with an ERA of 1.27 and struck out 65 batters in 64 innings. "The scouts were coming around, so I figured I'd go in the first four rounds," Sambito says. "On draft

day I stayed home from the Long Island Lighting Company, where I was working, waiting for the phone call. It didn't come until 5:30, and it was Earl Rapp, then an Astro scout. I said, 'When did you ever see me?' He said, 'Once.' Guys who had been watching me for six years didn't call. Later I found out they all thought I had a sore arm. The funny thing was they were right."

Rapp wanted to see Sambito throw before he signed him, but Sambito tried to put him off. "My arm was killing me," he says, "but there was no way around it. I must have impressed him some, though, because he offered me a contract." Sambito and his father agreed the opportunity shouldn't be passed up. Sambito signed for all of \$2,500 with bonuses for staying 90 days in Double A, Triple A and the majors.

There was a shortage of arms on the Astros' Double A farm team in Columbus, Ga., and Sambito was flown to Knoxville to join the Columbus club. In his first start, he gave up four runs in two innings and left the game with what, he says, felt like a knife in his arm. "It came around within a week. Turns out I was throwing the slider all wrong."

Shortly thereafter Sambito was sent to Covington, Va. in the rookie league, and in his first start he threw a one-hitter. "I cleared \$192 every two weeks and couldn't believe anybody was actually paying me to play baseball," he says.

Sambito had a moderately successful year at Class A Cedar Rapids in 1974 thanks to Player-Coach Bob Cluck. "He really helped me," says Sambito. "To say he was dedicated is an understatement. He had his own video camera so we could see ourselves pitching, and he was always trying to improve us. We were more than a number to him."

In 1975 Sambito was invited to spring training as a non-roster player. His father was at home, dying of cancer, and Joe remembers walking into the bedroom and whispering in his father's ear, "Dad, I'm leaving now. I'm on my way to the big leagues." After driving for two days, he arrived at the Astros' camp in Cocoa Beach, Fla., and that night his father died. That may sound too Hollywood to be true, but there's a lot about Sambito that's too good to be true.

Sambito was sent to Columbus and finished 12-9, leading the league in innings pitched and strikeouts.

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CANADIAN WHISKY: A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD. 100 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

In 1976 he was called up to the Astros in midseason. "To this day, one of my biggest thrills was dressing in the same locker room with Ken Boswell," he says. "Ken Boswell. Anybody who played on the '69 Mets was like a god to me, and here he was, a teammate."

This was the era of the Astros' so-called Arm Farm: Dan Larson, Bo McLaughlin, Mark Lemongello, Floyd Bannister and Sambito. Sambito was the least ballyhooed of the group. *Houston Chronicle* columnist George White recalls that Catcher Skip Jutze came up to him after Sambito had been shelled in his major league debut. Says White, "Jutze pointed out Sambito in the corner and asked me to go over and talk to him just to make him feel wanted. He said he didn't think the kid would be around very long." Sambito did pitch a four-hit shutout against the Cardinals that season, and he says, "As long as I have that, I don't care if I never start again."

He was made a relief pitcher the next spring. "It was sort of an accident," says Virdon. "We didn't have a lefty reliever, and he could get the ball over the plate, so we put him in the bullpen." In the meantime, Sambito had acquired an impressive fastball. Says Virdon, "He must have picked up a yard on it. Sometimes just being in the majors can do that to a guy." Sambito credits Virdon with encouraging him to rely more on his fastball, which is up around 90 mph.

Sambito had good seasons out of the bullpen in 1977 and 1978, striking out 96 in 88 innings the second year, but he didn't grow into his role as reliever supereme until 1979. He probably has Freed to thank for that. On May 1—well, let Sambito tell it. "If you wanted to write a baseball story with Roger Freed of the Cardinals as the hero, you'd have him come up in the 11th inning, three runs behind, two outs and a full count. Me, I was the pitcher. I wound up and I pitched and then I watched the ball sail two rows deep into the stands. I just doubled over on the mound. I couldn't believe it. That stuff doesn't happen."

Right after that, on May 3, Sambito embarked on an amazing scoreless streak of 40½ innings that got him into the All-Star Game and lasted until July 21, when Sambito gave up a home run to Bill Rob-



Sambito was strong across the board, finishing in the top 10 in seven categories.

inson of the Pirates on the *Game of the Week* telecast. "After the homer, I was talking to myself, but it looked as if I was talking right into the camera. I said, 'Son of a bitch.' I still get letters about that."

Sambito finished the season with 22 saves, eight of which helped Joe Niekro, who won 21 games. The two Joes are best friends for that reason alone. In 1980, Sambito, Smith and LaCorte formed Bullpen Acres, a special section of the clubhouse, and LaCorte and Sambito have Italian flags hanging over their lockers.

Smith and LaCorte, like Sambito, were starters earlier in their careers. They make an excellent relief unit—Smith with his forkball, LaCorte with an overpowering fastball, Sambito with his left arm—and Virdon tends to go with the hot hand. Smith, Sambito and LaCorte finished fourth, sixth and seventh in retiring the first batter.

Sambito had 10 saves in the shortened season, and he was virtually unhittable in his 21 appearances at the Astrodome, allowing opposing batters an average of .170. Even after the season, he got a save, testifying for fellow Relief Pitcher Tom Hume of the Reds (No. 8 on the SI list) in his successful arbitration hearing.

Hume's salary this season is \$595,000, some \$50,000 less than Sambito will earn in the second year of his five-year \$3 million deal.

Sambito is forever doing favors for people, going to clinics, donating time to various charities. He is one of the more popular players in Houston, both for his good works and good play, not to mention his rugged good looks.

"He spends hours in front of the mirror," says Niekro, his constant foil.

"I spend five minutes," says Sambito. "You just wish you had hair."

"I've seen him come out of the shower, then go back in because he didn't like the way his hair looked," says Smith.

Shortly after the '81 season, Niekro hosted a roast for Sambito to benefit the Spina Bifida Association. "That's because we couldn't get Dave Smith," says Niekro. During the evening, the usual jokes were made about Sambito's ability and virility. At one point, Houston radio personality Barry Warner said, "I've always wanted to do this." He then poured a glass of water on Sambito's head. Sambito pulled out a hair dryer and started doing his hair. "It came out pretty good, too," he says. Joey Sambito is also adept at comic relief.

Hey Mister, Can We Have Your Autograph?

Babe Ruth once said of autographs, "Hell, who wants to collect that crap?" But the Babe signed willingly, even happily, and Jocko Conlan, the 82-year-old former umpire, thinks Ruth began the sports-autograph craze. "I started in baseball in 1920," says Conlan, "and Babe Ruth hit 54 home runs that year, the first ever to pass the 50 mark. I think I'm right when I say that he was the only one anyone wanted an autograph from then. Signing by others came later."

Barry Halper of New Jersey, a demon baseball collector, tends to agree. He says the oldest albums of baseball signatures he's seen date from the 1920s. Earlier autographs in his collection come mostly from letters or documents (an autograph is, properly, anything handwritten; a signature is sometimes called a clipped, or cut, autograph). Autograph collecting itself began about 1800, although in ancient Rome Cicero is said to have prized a letter written by Julius Caesar. Power hitters among big collectors go after such things

In sport, the great paper chase began with Babe, and baseball has remained No. 1 on the pen parade



as all the signers of the Declaration of Independence (a set was sold for \$180,000 in 1976, and Charles Hamilton, the New York autograph dealer, says that if he'd been handling the sale the price would have been higher). An equivalent to this for baseball collectors would be the autographs of all the people in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. Halper is the only one to have gathered such a set. He estimates it cost him between \$5,000 and \$10,000, not including the time and effort it took, and that it would cost 10 times that amount if he started from scratch today.

by Robert W. Creamer

One of the signatures Halper needed for his Hall of Fame set was Tommy McCarthy's. You may not recognize the name, but McCarthy is in the Hall. He may not deserve to be there—he was a pre-1900s outfielder of modest accomplishments—but there he is, and Halper wanted his autograph. McCarthy died in 1922, more than 50 years before Halper began his search, and he died where he was born, in Boston, a city replete with McCarthys. Somehow Halper tracked down a relative who found Tommy's will, signed two days before his death. Halper paid \$150 for it.

That's professional collecting, not quite the same thing you see every day outside stadium gates. "There's a difference in collectors," says Andy Strasberg, promotions director of the San Diego Padres, who himself has an impressive assemblage of autographs, among them a rare doubleheader—letter signatures by both Abner Doubleday, the legendary creator of baseball, and Alexander Cartwright, who deserves the credit. "We don't wait in hotel lobbies until odd

continued



hours or stalk the buses," Strasberg says.

Halper, too, has Doubleday and Cartwright. Doubleday, it should be noted, is not in the Hall of Fame, baseball having reluctantly accepted history's verdict that Abner didn't have anything to do with the invention or development of the game. It should be noted also that Halper and a few others may seek a complete set of Hall of Famers, but when the selectors install new members they sometimes blindsides the collectors. The election last year of Rube Foster, a renowned pitcher and manager in the old Negro leagues who died in 1930, sent Halper and the others on a hunt for his hard-to-find autograph. Some collectors try to anticipate the Hall elections. Bill Madden, a zealous baseball collector as well as a sportswriter for the New York Daily News, has the autograph of a fine old-time pitcher named Vic Willis in his bullpen, just in case the selection committee ever gets around to noticing that Willis won 20 games or more eight times from 1898 to 1910.

A point well made. Ordinarily, when you enslave baseball and autographs you think of kids dancing around players entering or leaving a stadium or fans mobbing an athlete in a hotel lobby or after a banquet. That, at least, is the world

that active players are all too familiar with. A Paul Newman or John Travolta may be besieged for autographs whenever he mingles with the common herd, but neither is subject to the day-in, day-out barrage of requests to "sign this" that a Pete Rose is, or a George Brett—or, for that matter, a second-string infielder batting .238.

All major leaguers are familiar with the question put to them when they're in street clothes at the stadium: "Are you anybody? Are you a baseball player?" (If you are, and I don't care who you are, sign this.) "Do you play for the Padres?" a young autograph seeker outside the Marriott Hotel in Houston asked Earl Campbell a few years ago, when that splendid running back was in town to sign his first contract with the Oilers. The Padres were there, too, for a game that night with the Astros, and the youngster was on the prowl for rare out-of-town signatures. "No, I'm just a football player," said Campbell, who at that time had achieved little more than All-America status, the Heisman Trophy, the honor of being the NFL's No. 1 draft choice and the distinction of having just signed the most lucrative contract ever offered a league rookie. "Oh," said the kid, disappointed, and passed him by, still looking for a .238-hitting infielder.

"Football players are not bothered nearly as much as baseball players," says Lem Barney, the Detroit Lions' great defensive back of a decade ago. Basketball players are asked a bit more, particularly in airports, where they seem to spend a considerable part of their lives, but seldom to the degree that baseball players are. And there's even less attention given to athletes in other sports, excepting easily recognized superstars like Muhammad Ali, John McEnroe and Jack Nicklaus. In baseball though, it's everybody all the time.

Some players handle it well. Others don't. Hearing the horror stories some of them tell, it's hard at times to blame them. The pursuers are ingenious and relentless. Two summers ago a game between the Giants and the Phillies in Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia was delayed by rain and wasn't completed until 3:12 a.m. When the Giants came out of the clubhouse nearly an hour later to take the team bus back to their hotel, more



Sorry, all I have to write on is—myself.



Autographs at events are hard to swallow.

than 50 kids, some still drenched from the rain, were waiting for autographs.

Jerry Green of *The Detroit News* says that he was an autograph collector when he was growing up in New York. "I was a pain in the neck," he says. "I remember the Cincinnati Reds had an outfielder named Mike McCormick who wouldn't sign for me outside the Polo Grounds. He took a subway downtown and I got on the same car and rode all the way to Rockefeller Center with him. On the platform I accosted him again. 'O.K.," he said, "if you followed me all this way," and he signed."

Appeals for autographs are sometimes accompanied by stories designed to break the hardest heart. John Orsino, a onetime big league catcher, was carrying a box of autographed baseballs from one dugout to the other before an oldtimers' game. Fans gathered along the railing begged him for them. "Just one, John, just one!" "Can't," Orsino said, "they're not mine." "Please!" an inspired youngster cried, "I got a crippled brother!" At



one National League park there is a persistent collector who says he has leukemia; he has gotten so many autographs that the players suspect he's in the business and is selling the autographs he gets.

Indeed, some autograph seekers have no conscience. One baseball collector is trying to find autographs of players who have committed suicide. Eight years ago in Philadelphia a general collector hit on a scheme to get signed letters from famous and usually inaccessible people. He and his wife wrote to dozens of celebrated figures and enclosed a photograph of their infant son with a note saying that they admired the famous man so much they had named their newborn son after him. They didn't bother to say that the photo was almost a decade old, that the son was now 10 and that in any case he had been named for his father. The response was astonishing. Gerald Ford, then Vice-President, wrote a letter beginning, "Dear Gerald, Your parents have paid me a high honor in naming you after me." Picasso wrote to Pablo Kessinger to Henry. Andrew Wyeth sent a drawing to Andy. Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin a silver cup to Jim. The scheme was exposed after an Arab newspaper in Lebanon reported with considerable satisfaction

that a child in the U.S. had been named Yasser after the PLO's Arafat. That story, complete with names, was picked up by American newspapers and the subsequent publicity forced the collector to admit there was no infant son named after anybody. But he wasn't contrite. "I've never regretted what we did," he said. "I'm just sorry we were exposed."

A less reprehensible, but for athletes a more annoying family, used to haunt hotels in Houston where professional teams stayed, more or less setting up house in the lobby and snaring stars to pose for pictures with the entire clan. That kind of pursuit, away from the stadiums, is what bothers players the most. It follows them everywhere, sometimes into the most personal aspects of their lives. According to autograph expert Hamilton, Joe DiMaggio once gave Marilyn Monroe a check, reportedly for \$10,000. It was done without publicity, and Marilyn

cashed it privately. When Joe's bank statement came a month or so later, he discovered that the check with his signature and Marilyn's endorsement was missing. He called the bank. The manager said the check was gone. He apologized. DiMaggio said, "I don't want an apology. I want the check. Get it." The bank moved swiftly and threatened drastic action if the check didn't appear by morning. It did posthaste and was returned to DiMaggio. Whether an autograph hound or a souvenir hunter swiped the check isn't known, but it's odds-on that sooner or later it would have turned up for sale to an autograph collector if DiMaggio hadn't acted quickly to get it back.

Reggie Jackson was in a movie theater with a date watching *Damen-Omen II* when a woman asked him for his autograph. "Not now," said Jackson. "I'm watching the movie." The woman persisted. Jackson's date said something, there was a scuffle and the woman, Cassandra Smalls, 26, claimed that Jackson slapped her and knocked her down. Jackson maintained he had merely restrained her after she allegedly threatened the woman he was with. Smalls filed a \$150,000 damage suit. Jackson refused to settle, and more than two years later the suit was finally withdrawn. "If we hadn't defended this case," Jackson's lawyer said, "it would have been open season on bullplayers and other well-known people."

"They can't get away," says Larry Sienk, publicity director of the Phillies. "Whether it's a hotel lobby or a restaurant or a grocery store, fans are always coming up and asking for autographs." Infielder Ted Sizemore, then with the Phils, was eating in a restaurant when a woman rushed up and asked him to sign. She shoved paper and pen onto the table and in so doing hit his elbow just as he was taking a bite of food, driving the fork against the roof of his mouth. Some players won't sign when they're eating. Al Bumbry, the Orioles' centerfielder, says, "I'll sign when it's appropriate, but not when I take my family out to dinner. I don't have time for autographs then. But people don't understand." Even Pete Rose, one of the most affable autograph signers, won't give autographs when he's in the middle of a meal.

continued



Some ladies in St. Louis pieced together an impressive set of signatures.



continued

"Come back when I'm finished," he says.

Rudeness is common among collectors. Gordie Howe, the former hockey star, was once approached by a 12-year-old boy who shoved a hockey stick at him and ordered, "Sign this." Howe, amused by an impudence he wouldn't have tolerated on the ice, drew back and said, "Say please." The kid said, "O.K., please." Howe said, "Now put it all together." Impatiently, the kid said, "All right. Will you please sign my damn stick?" Warren Cromartie, the Montreal Expos' right-fielder, was hailed by a young fan at Shea Stadium in New York. "Mr. Cromartie! Mr. Cromartie!" the youngster called out, politely enough, "can I have your autograph?" Cromartie said, "No, I can't

to them. A small boy in Atlanta asked Pitcher Phil Niekro to autograph the inside of his cap. Niekro complied. A week or so later the same boy proffered the same hat. Niekro was about to sign it when he saw his signature. "Hey, kid," he said, "I've already signed this hat." "Sign it again," the boy demanded.

Dr. Thomas Tutko, one of the most frequently quoted sports psychologists, a rapidly growing breed, explains the motivation of autograph seekers by saying, "People are in desperate need of an identification. What they really get from an autograph is recognition that they exist." Chip Royce, an 11-year-old tennis fan and autograph collector, told *World Tennis*, "The big fun is just speaking to the players. You feel like you know them."

That's O.K. if you're nine or 12 or 15, but, says Tutko, "to have to get autographs when you're 35 is to say life has passed you by." Still, many adults acting on some sort of imperative they're not consciously aware of, will scramble after autographs they don't really want or, for that matter, don't even recognize after they obtain them. Once in Cooperstown during the midsummer Hall of Fame festivities a woman came up to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and oldtime pitching star Waite Hoyt and asked them for their autographs. Both signed. The woman read their signatures and asked, "But who are you?"

In Cooperstown at Hall of Fame time autographing has become a part of the ceremonies. The weekend of the Hall of Fame inductions is like Christmas for autograph seekers. They swarm in and around The Otesaga hotel waiting for the Hall of Famers. They're the main reason why some Hall of Famers don't come back anymore. Sandy Koufax, who was installed in 1971, returned for teammate Duke Snider's installation in 1980, but after someone looking for autographs knocked on his hotel room door in the middle of the night he said that would be

his last time. Ted Williams made a rare appearance that same year, but he stayed holed up in a special room while a security guard stood watch outside.

Of course, some of the players are just as nasty as the signature hounds. In 1975 Fred Lynn, then a Red Sox rookie, ignored some kids asking for his autograph as he walked past them. An onlooker who was watching said, "Come on, Fred, you can sign some autographs." Lynn, without stopping, flipped him the bird. The onlooker got in the last word: "This is probably the last you'll see of Cooperstown, Freddie."

Athletes are asked to sign the damnedest things. Autograph albums used to be basic, but they're rare. Today there are photographs, baseballs, index cards, baseball cards (extremely important to serious collectors, for whom complete sets of signed cards can be a real treasure), newspapers, magazines, notebooks, cloth napkins, paper napkins, matchbooks, hands, arms... anything. Soccer player Roger Davies of the Seattle Sounders is occasionally asked to sign photographs of his feet. Davies is famous in Seattle for his feet, which used to hurt him so much because of bunions on his little toes that he had to slit the sides of his soccer boots and wear specially made street shoes.

Jim Palmer, Baltimore's pitching ace and advertising star, autographed Jockey shorts on TV last month for admiring purchasers. Jim Lefebvre, who used to play for the Dodgers, says, "I was once asked to sign a lady's thigh." He refused. "She might have been married," he explains. "If there was some question that somebody was fooling around, my name would have been right there." Reggie Jackson, on the other hand, said once that he signed a girl's breast. Alan Hudson, another soccer star, says he signed the bare stomach of a young female fan. "It was a bit embarrassing," he admits, "but that's where she wanted me to sign, wasn't it?"

The ultimate in this sort of thing took place on the Yankee team bus outside Comiskey Park in Chicago during a Yankee-White Sox series in 1979. A young woman dropped her jeans and asked the players to sign her bare buttocks. Reportedly, some did, and there was a great flap about it. *Houston Chronicle* columnist Cactus Pryor wrote, "This is the same team that barred woman reporters from

continued



The Reds remembered Roy's boogie base.

do it now. I haven't got time." "I hope you break your leg," the boy said and turned to the next player—"Mr. Carter! Mr. Carter!"

Players sometimes chafe at what they consider pointless signing, autographs that are sought not for collecting but only because the subject is there. Psychologists justify the motives of people who ask for autographs for the sake of asking, saying it gives such people, particularly youngsters, a chance to get close to heroes, to have some special attention paid

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their locker room for reasons of impropriety." It was conceded that the woman had exposed herself, but it was denied that any of the players had signed what had been exposed. Billy Martin, then on one of his tours as manager of the Yankees, produced a photograph that had been taken of the woman. "Exhibit A," bellowed Billy. "No visible signatures, just the bare bottom."

If not there, autographs are just about everywhere else. Little League mothers in St. Louis made a huge quilt out of patches they had sent to the Cardinals for autographs, a separate signature on each patch. After their last game of the 1980 NBA playoffs, the Milwaukee Bucks' 6' 11" Bob Lanier supposedly signed his size 22 basketball sneakers and gave them to two kids outside the team bus in Seattle. The Cincinnati Reds gave Roy Rogers, the cowboy singing star, a base autographed by Tom Seaver, Johnny Bench and the rest of the Reds after the club learned that Rogers' boyhood home had been at 412 Second Street in Cincinnati, or approximately where second base in Riverfront Stadium is now.

Some athletes resist giving autographs. Former basketball and baseball stars Bill Russell and Mike Marshall refuse to sign

Bill Russell

at all. "I could never understand why anyone would want my name on a slip of paper, unless it was a check," says Russell, who considers signing autographs demeaning. He once said that, when he refused to sign for a youngster, the kid called him a nigger. After he retired, Russell met a man who said, "Bill, I got your autograph when you were playing with the Celtics." Russell laughed his loud cackling laugh and said, "If you did, you better hang on to it, because it's the only one around."

Marshall is just as adamant about not signing, but he doesn't condemn autograph collecting as such. When he was a player, he would suggest to youngsters that they ask their teachers for auto-

graphs, because teachers were doing far more valuable work than a relief pitcher was. This seemed a moving argument at the time, although it would be hard to find a seventh-grader who would appreciate Marshall's logic. And, in retrospect, Marshall's comment became rather facile when he later turned down a reporter's request for his signature by saying, "My autograph is going to be so rare that one day it'll be worth something."

Some players are as rude or devious as those who seek their autographs. Ron Perranoski, the onetime Dodger relief pitcher, shot Scott Kaufer, now an Executive Editor of *California Magazine*, with a water pistol when Kaufer, then 12, asked him for an autograph during a game. Ruppert Jones, the San Diego outfielder, is only one of many players who put off autograph hounds by saying, "I'm not a ballplayer, he is." Very popular current and former players like Willie Stargell of Pittsburgh, Willie McCovey of San Francisco and Mickey Mantle of New York are, or were, awfully tough to get. Jim Bouton pilloried Mantle in *Ball Four* for shoving kids away, but writer Ed Linn, who once spent several days almost constantly in Mantle's presence while doing a story on him, was startled by the incessant pressure of autograph seekers chasing after Mantle wherever he went. Ted Williams would sign without protest when he was cornered, but he was a genius at getting away from a ball park without being seen. He knew all the secret ways out.

Others are irritatingly elusive, too. Jackie White of Baltimore, whose salesman husband, Robert, is an autograph dealer on the side, often accompanies her two small sons on autograph forays. "Some players can be really mean," she says. "It's crushing for a child to be pushed away or snubbed. Of course, you really famous ones like Reggie Jackson will never come out. They know the ball park, and they come out another way." In San Diego both Dan Fouts of the Chargers and Rollie Fingers, when he was with the Padres, would take an elevator up two or three levels and then sneak down the ramps behind the crowds waiting for them. Larry Parrish of Texas once wore an ace pack on his right hand to avoid signing as he walked to his car. A lot of players will push through the crowd without stopping after giving autographs to the first two or three peo-



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Ado Valley auto

ple who ask them. Many players sign on the run, so to speak, as they move steadily to their cars. Willie Mays and Henry Aaron were renowned for signing that way. "Self-defense," Mays once claimed. "I gotta play ball the next day. I'd be there overnight if I didn't keep walking." Leon Uzzrowski of Baltimore remembers vividly getting Mantle's autograph: "He signed my book 22 feet from the team bus traveling at two miles per hour with a five-mile-an-hour wind at his back after an 0-for-4 day at the plate."

Stadium parking lots have been scenes of altercations between players and fans. Jackson, who is notably selective in picking people he wants to be pleasant with, had a run-in outside Yankee Stadium with a truculent man pestering him to sign. Reggie Smith was attacked outside Dodger Stadium when he turned down two young men asking for autographs. One of them smashed the windshield of his car, and when Smith got out of the car the other hit him with a bottle. Two other Dodgers, Rick Monday and Dusty Baker, helped Smith subdue the men and hold them for the police.

It rarely gets that bad, although ball-players like to make a production, often with exaggerated humor, of the terrors of the autograph world. Ron Santo, the former Chicago Cub third baseman, would sprint all the way from the hotel elevators to the team bus. Richie Zisk, the 6' 2", 212-pound Seattle slugger, has been known to scream extravagantly, "No, no, no!" as he dashes from the door of the hotel to the bus. Autograph seekers rebuffed that way will sometimes pound the side of the bus and yell at the players sitting inside, and the players will pound on the windows and scream back. Fred Kendall, who used to catch for San Diego, described the environs of Jack Murphy Stadium there in quasi-military terms: "There is no back door. The buses and the players' cars can't be moved right up next to the clubhouse. Sooner or later you've got to cross open ground. You become easy pickings."

Yet Kendall, like a great many unpublishized players, seems to delight in autograph hunters. "I like kids," says Mike Sadek, the former Giants' catcher, who was granted custody of his son and daughter when he was divorced. Scott McGregor, the Baltimore pitching star, says, "Kids look up to us. We can be a good influence on them or a bad influ-

ence. A lot of times you ask yourself what they're going to do with the autograph, and maybe it's true they're going to lose it right away or discard it, but it's just the fact of being closer. When you see a kid waiting outside the clubhouse, it's hard to turn him down. I used to collect autographs when I was a kid, and I know the feeling when you get refused."

And, presumably, the feeling of exaltation when you get one. Wesley Marans of Boston, whose collection of autographed photographs of celebrities in all fields has been displayed in exhibitions, says his 12-year-old daughter was more impressed with the autograph she herself had gotten from Frank Duffy, when he was a reserve infielder with the Red Sox.



The Giants can't refuse their Sister.

Since 1962, the Giants have been giving autographs to a Catholic nun named Sister Martha, of the order of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a grammar school teacher. She is always first in line, dressed in her nun's habit, for the 11 a.m. autograph sessions, and was once escorted down to the dugout before the game and introduced to the players.

World B. Free (formerly Lloyd Free) of the Golden State Warriors will stay long after games to sign. "When I was a kid in New York," he says, "I didn't have anything. Once I got close enough to Walt Frazier to get an autograph, and I was passed over. I swore I'd never do that to anyone."

Julius Erving signs willingly. So does Dave Winfield, although the Yankee outfielder doesn't make himself quite as available as he did in San Diego, where the crowds were smaller. Ron LeFlore of the White Sox, not the easiest player for a ball club to handle, is a generous signer. Bobby Hull, the former hockey player, was famous for his willingness to sign autographs as long as anyone wanted one. His teammates waiting on the bus would keep yelling at him to hurry up, but Hull would sign and sign until he had satisfied everyone. Gordie Howe was the same way. So is Guy Lafleur. Atlanta's Phil Niekro is considered an alltime all-star as far as signing autographs is concerned. "Nobody in any sport in any city is more accommodating than Phil," says an admirer. Although the Dodgers as a team have a reputation for being difficult with autograph hounds, Steve Garvey is renowned for signing. Says one cynic, "It seems that only rookies and Steve Garvey actually like to sign autographs." Again, not true. The combative Billy Martin is a pigeon with autograph seekers, notably polite and gentle with kids asking him to sign.

A lot of players have fun with autographs. They tell a story in Buffalo about a tackle named Sid Youngelman, who was trying to hang on with the Bills. During the preseason Youngelman turned down all requests for autographs because he had ascheme. He knew that before the first exhibition game the Bills were going to let fans come on the field to get the players' autographs, and he was biding his time. When the big day came, the line waiting to get Youngelman's scarce autograph was much the longest. Sid hoped this would convince the Bills' manage-

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ment he was far too popular to cut. It didn't work.

When Toby Harrah was with the Texas Rangers he got into a little feud with the press. One night after a game in which he had starred at bat, he deliberately stayed behind on the field and signed autograph after autograph, even after the lights had been turned off, just to keep the impatient reporters waiting. Maybe it's the Texas atmosphere. When Sparky Lyle was with the Rangers in 1980 he was bombarded with requests for autographs during pregame practice one day from a group of Little Leaguers in the bleachers. Lyle couldn't sign, but he threw the kids a baseball. Then he tossed them his cap. Then his glove. Then he took off his uniform shirt and threw them that before finally walking back to the clubhouse.

Maury Wills, the base stealer, once said, "You sit down and practice your signature. All the players do. Of course, you make sure you tear up the paper afterward. You don't want your roommate to see what you've been practicing." Some signatures are elaborate or are decorated with little devices. Race driver Richard Petty's autograph is a masterpiece of magnificent loops and whorls. Dick Stuart, the slugger who hit 66 home runs in the minor leagues, used to sign his name "Dick 66 Stuart." Football players often add their uniform number, as in "Gary Danielson 16." Reggie Jackson sometimes puts his No. 44 in a loop of his signature. Some NFL players sign a favorite nickname. John Barefield wrote "Dr. Doom" and Bob Pollard "Captain Crunch" when they were playing together on the Cardinals.

John Wockenfuss, the Detroit catcher, usually signs his full name, Johnny B. Wockenfuss. Cotton Fitzsimmons, the basketball coach, will occasionally sign his proper name, Lowell Fitzsimmons and then chuckle, "They'll be wondering who that is." Jack Brownshilde and Inge Hammarstrom of the St. Louis Blues grew tired of inscribing their lengthy names on hockey sticks a few years ago and talked of trying to work out a name trade with teammate Mike Zuke. A baseball theorist has figured out that Mel Ott could have signed three times as many autographs as Grover Cleveland Alexander and still made it home to supper sooner. Brooks Robinson, the former Baltimore third baseman, always signed

his autograph left-handed, which surprised fans who didn't know that Brooks was left-handed in everything he did except batting and throwing.

John Mayberry, the Toronto first baseman, personalized an autograph to a requester's grandson and a few days later was pleasantly surprised to receive a thank-you note from the grandson. "First time I ever got an autograph back for an autograph," said Big John.

The tremendous increase of interest in sports autographs in the last few years has resulted in hefty fees being paid to retired stars to attend baseball collectors' shows, where they sign autographs for anyone who pays for the privilege. Mantle and Duke Snider received more than \$3,000 each to sign at a show in New York, and just last month Henry Aaron was paid closer to \$5,000 to appear for two days at a baseball collectors' extravaganza in White Plains, N.Y. Autograph seekers paid a \$2.50 admission fee and an added \$3 to the show's sponsors for each Aaron signature they obtained.

Commercialization of autographs has become an extensive business. Rod Carew of the Angels got into an embarrassing flap this past winter after an advertisement of his appeared in one of the hobby magazines offering collectors autographed pictures of himself for \$9.95 each, autographed baseballs for \$12.95, his signed autobiography for \$15.95 and autographed bats for a cool \$99.95. Bill Madden reported in *The Sporting News* that an 11-year-old Texas boy who had written to Carew for an autograph had received a price list by return mail. Skip Bayless, then of the *Dallas Times Herald*, wrote a scathing critical column about Carew, asking, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" Carew explained that the money he receives for the autographed material goes directly to charity—specifically to a children's center he helps to support—and Madden wrote that to his personal knowledge Carew continues to give free autographs on the street and around ball parks.

But the point is, autographs have gone commercial, which saddens amateur collectors like Jeffrey Morey of Syracuse, N.Y., who publishes a bimonthly newsletter for fellow collectors. "I'm not a dealer," he explains. "Oh, I might pay a couple of bucks now and then for something, or sell a duplicate I have, but mostly I trade. I'm a hobbyist. I work in a bank. *The Autograph Review* is designed to bring hobbyists together, to exchange names, trade duplicates, that sort of thing. I used to dream of collecting all the Hall of Fame signatures, but that's out of reach now. I can't see paying \$80 for a Joe Tinker. I can't believe that a live Hall of Famer's signature is \$10, or an Oscar Charleston \$80 or a Jack Chesbro \$225. Many of us don't like to see money coming in to it like this. Money destroyed the fun of collecting stamps and coins. I hope that doesn't happen with this."

It may already have happened. Old Brooklyn Dodger fans fondly remember

continued



Mel was faster on the draw than Grover.



continued

the Dodger Sym-Phony, a raucous five-piece band that used to wander around the stands in Ebbets Field playing badly and happily. When the Dodgers left Brooklyn for Los Angeles, the club gave Lou Soriano, leader of the Sym-Phony, a plaque that carried the autographs of virtually every member of the Dodgers from owner Walter O'Malley on down. "I was offered \$7,000 for it by the Los Angeles people," Soriano said a couple of years ago, "but I turned them down." For sentimental reasons? "Nah," said Soriano, "I'm holding out for more."

It's pervasive. Players not of the Aaron and Mantle class are sometimes paid a modest fee to appear at autographing ses-

Handwritten signature: Hank Aaron

sions for specified periods to sign for eager fans. Some players don't like such duty, but others confess they find it fun. When he was with San Francisco, John (The Count) Montefusco, the flamboyant pitcher, moaned bitterly when he was assigned to a 20-minute tour in a booth. But he enjoyed it so much he stayed for 35 minutes and had to be almost literally

feel that the greatest was Charley DiGiovanna, who worked for the Dodgers during the Jackie Robinson era. DiGiovanna, known as Charley the Brow for his heavy black eyebrows, was only in his 20's the moved to Los Angeles with the ballclub in 1958 but died shortly thereafter of a heart attack at the age of 27. The Brow would prow the clubhouse, yelling, "Sign da balls, sign da balls!" and shrug off the genial obscenities hurled at him by recalcitrant players. When he had to supply the signatures himself, it was an amazing thing to watch. He'd sit down and rapidly reproduce signature after signature, each astonishingly similar to the original, no matter how the originals varied from one another. Charley, like the artists who followed him, shifted from pen to pen as he forged his masterpieces so that the ink on the ball would vary realistically. His *pièce de résistance* was Burt Shotton's signature. Shotton, a crusty old man who managed the Dodgers from 1947 through 1950, was right-handed, but the infirmities of age prevented him from holding a pen in that hand. He therefore began to sign his autograph with his left hand. Because he couldn't hold a baseball firmly with his right hand, Shotton would tuck it into the crook of his right elbow and hold it there while he signed it. DiGiovanna, in reproducing Shotton's signature, was as faithful to its originator as he could be. He would sign the old man's name with his left hand and he would tuck the baseball into the crook of his right elbow as he did it. That's artistry.

Forged signatures are commonplace. Oddballs turn up now and then posing as ballplayers and graciously sign autographs on request. Someone pretending to be George Brett held an autograph session in a Kansas City pizza parlor not long ago. Obviously, many an autograph, particularly on baseballs cluttering up shelves and desks in playrooms and dens around the country, is of dubious authenticity. Some signatures are facsimiles written by secretaries or machines. In the 1960s, quite a stir occurred when, despite denials from the White House, Hamilton proved that many of President Kennedy's signatures were done with an expensive device called the Autopen. Eisenhower had a first, but Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon all made use of it, and it's still in service in Reagan's White House. The President signs his name and his signa-

continued



All the balls are signed, even if they are not all signed by the ballplayers.

dragged away by a stadium attendant.

Another commercial task is signing baseballs in the locker room. This has a long tradition, going back 30 years or more. Boxes and boxes of baseballs, a dozen to a box, lie open on the clubhouse table. "Sign the balls! Sign the balls!" the clubhouse men shout, and half-dressed players with a few minutes to spare sit down and scribble their signatures on one ball after another. When the baseballs are covered with signatures they're taken away and sold, and the clubhouse men get a fee for each one. It's a lagniappe for the clubhouse men. It has also led to their developing a marvelous talent for forgery. Some players are lazy and don't sign, or they forget to sign, or they promise to sign later, tomorrow next week. Or some, like Mike Marshall, just won't sign, period, so the clubhouse men add the missing signatures.

Some of today's forgers are remarkably skillful, but veteran sportswriters like Harold Rosenthal and Jack Mann

sions, and a few athletes have such duties written into their contracts. One such was Abdul-Rahman Hazzard, the former Walt Hazzard, when he was in the backcourt for the Warriors. Hazzard went everywhere the Warriors sent him and was very cooperative, but finally he said to the club's P.R. man, "Hey, back off a little. My hand is so tired by game time I can't get a feel for the ball."

Many baseball teams set up autograph booths in the stadiums and before certain games have one or two players sit in them



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Baseball has the equivalent in the stamped signature, notably on baseballs. Dick Culler, a major league infielder for several years in the 1940s, grew so tired of signing baseballs that he cast about for a way of doing it more easily and came

up with a curved rubber stamp. Culler

died in 1964, but before he did he developed a small but thriving business in supplying "signed" baseballs to major league clubs for promotion giveaways or resale to the public. Culler's son, Dick Jr., has continued the business, which is called the Autographed Baseball Company, in High Point, N.C. New balls are signed and shipped whenever there are shifts in a team's roster, such as after a trade. Culler supplies such baseballs to most of the 26 big-league clubs. In Los Angeles sales are limited because the Dodgers—shades of Charley the Brow—supply their own facsimile-signature baseballs. Such balls usually sell for around \$5 or \$6 each. A ball actually signed by the players on a team usually goes for around \$25. Some clubs, the Baltimore Orioles, for example, sell such balls only to fans who specifically ask for them, and they give the fees to charity. In other words, the club doesn't make money on the baseballs, and it distinguishes between

the real and the fake. That's encouraging. So take heart. Despite the specters of bad-mannered athletes, overzealous fans, high-pressure collectors, burgeoning prices, commercialization, casual forgery, canned signatures and the rest, it's still possible to talk to a third baseman, ask for and receive his autograph and impress your family and friends with it. And maybe years later dig it out and admire it all over again.

Leon Uzarowski, the man who got

*Sincerely
Y Babe Ruth*

Mantle's signature on the run, is 39 now and has switched to collecting photographs, but he looks at his treasures occasionally and remembers with warmth his autograph collecting days in Baltimore in the 1950s when he and the Orioles were young together.

"For us autograph hunters the Orioles

were world beaters," Uzarowski says. "They lost a lot, so chances were always good that the visiting team would be happy after a game and would sign easily. And the Orioles, as the home team, had to sign. I collected the signatures of Gus Triandos, Bob Nelson and Wayne Causey three or four times. They weren't particular favorites of mine, but they were available. I even got Noone Marquis twice."

Noone Marquis? There he is in the *Baseball Encyclopedia*: Roger Julian (Noone) Marquis, a 6-foot, 190-pound lefthand-hitting outfielder. He must have been a pretty good ballplayer if he made it to the major leagues, but he was up for only one season, 1955. He got into one game with the Orioles, came to bat one time and made out. That was his entire big-league career.

"It's a lot of fun, collecting autographs," Uzarowski says. "How else would anybody ever remember Noone Marquis?"

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First Person

by C.M. SWIFT

THIS RECIPE FOR FISHING IN ICELAND MIXED CUNNING WITH FORMALDEHYDE

My good friend Foster The trouble he has gotten me into over the years. One adventure started innocently enough, with a postcard: "I am in my favorite city," he wrote, "riding the ferry across the harbor (6¢ first class, the only bargain left in Hong Kong); hence my uneven hand. I regretfully must report that I'm up to my same old tricks, frequenting the Dragon Boat bar to ogle the Chinese ladies, closing down the Captain's bar because of failure to adjust to local time and squandering my HK dollars to fast-talking Chinese merchants. Tomorrow this decadence ends and I go to work in austere caution." (Foster imports textiles.) He signed it "Foreign Devil" and added a postscript: "Jane has left me. Surrogate wife needed (you will do) for salmon trip to Iceland, July 31-Aug. 7."

Nine years earlier I had been best man at their wedding. I'd been present when he proposed, in fact. We were playing miniature golf on Grand Bahama Island, even up after 16 holes. On the 17th mat, a par-two, Foster said, "Janey, if I sink this shot, will you marry me?" He was chock-full of rum.

"All right," she agreed.

He called on me as a witness. Then he calmly rapped it in. It was a difficult putt, too, through a windmill. I congratulated them and, noting the expectant look on my date's face, conceded the hole and the match.

I had never fished for salmon before. When Foster returned to the States, he called and we worked out the details. The river, the Laxa í Adaldal, was reputed to have the largest Atlantic salmon in Iceland, and despite the expense, it was simply too good an offer to pass up. The only hangup was a regulation I found in a travel pamphlet, in a section entitled "Icelandic Government Regulations Concerning Fishing Tackle," designed to keep out something called "swirling disease" (properly known, I later learned, as whirling disease), which afflicts salmon and trout.

The regulation read: "... all fishing gear that will have contact with the wa-

ter (including flies, line, reels, waders, etc.) should be immersed in a solution of 4% formaldehyde by a veterinarian for a period of 10 minutes, then washed in clean water. The tackle should then be placed in sealed plastic bags for shipment, accompanied by a certificate from the veterinarian to the effect that this has been done. The certificate should then be authenticated by a Public Health Officer."

This seemed a bit complicated. I hadn't been aware that Connecticut, where I live, had any public health officers at my disposal; I knew no vets; and my only previous experience with formaldehyde came in the seventh grade, when a jar of it sat in the corner of the science room preserving the eyeball of a calf. The alternative to these sterilization procedures, according to the pamphlet, was to buy all new fishing equipment and bring the receipts. This, I soon learned, was what Foster was doing. Not me. I checked the Yellow Pages and called the nearest vet.

"You want to sterilize a fishing rod?" came the giggly response of the receptionist. "With formaldehyde?" This was funny stuff.

"I don't want to, I must," I read her the regulation, and she put me on hold to consult with the vet. In a moment she was back. "I'm sorry. We don't do that sort of thing."

"Do you know of anyone who does?"

"I'm sorry but we really don't."

"You could do it though, right? Couldn't you? You've got formaldehyde, right?"

"Momento," she said lightly. When the receptionist returned, she was curt—rebuked, I suppose, by her boss for taking up his time. "We don't do that sort of thing. The doctor has never heard of such a thing."

"Don't hang up. You could though, right? You've got the facilities to sterilize? Ask the vet if he's heard of swirling disease. Ask him."

"We sterilize our instruments, not fishing rods."

"Waders?"

She hung up.

The next vet was more sympathetic. "You're going to Iceland?" he said excitedly.

"Day after tomorrow if I can get this taken care of."

"I'd give anything to go along with you. I'm a fly fisherman myself."

"As far as I know, the trip's filled," I said cautiously.

"Oh, I wasn't... no, no. I couldn't possibly leave. Hmm. We stopped sterilizing with formaldehyde a few years ago. We use steam now. I don't believe your flies would survive a good steaming."

I waited hopefully for a suggestion. "Let me tell you one thing," the vet said. "I wouldn't soak any of my gear in formaldehyde for two seconds. That's what

continued

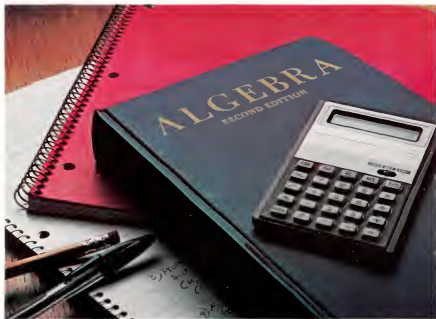


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QUESTION

3

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FIRST PERSON continued

we use to take the slugs off of old bones."

"Did you say 'bones'?"

"But don't give up the trip. Lie first."

This at least was sensible advice. Would that I had followed it. Instead I spent the afternoon buying the formaldehyde myself—it required a prescription that I got from a sympathetic doctor—and brought a bottle of it home. In the meantime I had visited the Public Health Department of our county. The director was on a sewer tour, but I saw his assistant, who didn't take it kindly when I asked him to certify that I had soaked my waders according to the specifications of the Icelandic government. He was totally inflexible about it. He didn't care about swirling disease in Iceland, my trip or the regulation stipulated in the pamphlet. He suggested I talk to Fish and Game.

Back in my apartment, I carried all my fishing tackle and a pair of rubber gloves into the bathroom, filled the tub, then read the directions on the bottle of formaldehyde. There was a skull and crossbones on the label and repeated warnings not to let the liquid touch naked skin. I wasn't to inhale its fumes, drink it or pour it on anything that might someday have contact with my mouth. I was terrified that I might accidentally embalm myself. I decided this was definitely no place for a fly line or flies. Or a bamboo rod. But I was haunted by the thought of swirling disease—vicious of giant salmon flopping around in circles—and threw my waders and reel into the tub. I opened the bottle of formaldehyde and poured a few drops in, catching a brief whiff of its awful acid smell. Afterward I rinsed everything, dried the gear off with a dishrag, threw out the rag, threw out the rubber gloves, then set about searching for a "sealed plastic bag for shipment." I came up with a Helly.

I still needed a letter from a vet that had been signed by a public health officer, and because no one would cooperate, I called Foster. The whole thing seemed to be his fault anyway.

"I'll get back to you," he said.

A half hour later he returned my call. He had just talked to the organizer of the trip, and everything was under control. Iceland didn't really care that much about documentation. He'd come up with something. The important thing was that the tackle smelled sterilized. "Does your stuff smell like formaldehyde?" he asked.

continued



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FIRST PERSON continued

"I've taken great care that it doesn't," I said.

"Do me a favor then. Snak a couple of cotton swabs in the formaldehyde and put them in the bottom of the bag so it smells legit."

"I refuse. It's too dangerous. I'm frightened to touch it."

"Do you want to fish or not? They'll turn you away at customs. That's what this guy told me. Just do it."

Foster flew in the next day from Chicago, where he lives. He was wearing a Cubs hat, which he was trying to pass off as a "good rain hat with a long bill," which, in another section, the pamphlet suggested wearing while fishing in Iceland. I carried an Abercrombie & Fitch duffel and a Hefly lawn bag. He handed me my certificate, a hand-written note signed by his dentist. "This fishing gear has been sterilized in accordance with the regulations of the Commonwealth of Iceland and the Laws of Nature."

"That's a nice touch," I said.

Below the signature Foster had typed: "In witness whereof..." Then he had initialed it. "Public Health Officer" was typed below the initials. He had tried to notarize it with his key chain, which had left gray smudges at the bottom of the document. "Wonderful job," I told him. "Extraordinary."

That night we flew from Kennedy to Keflavik Airport, where we were to meet the rest of our party. Foster passed through customs easily, showing a bill of sale to the approving inspector, totting his new germ-free waders, reel and 9½-foot graphite rod. "Lax," the inspector said, waving him through.

"Big lax," Foster replied, simplistically, I thought.

I had pretty much resigned myself to spending the next seven days in the duty-free liquor store. I gave the inspector Foster's forged certificate, then handed him my garbage bag, both arms extended, as if waiting for him to slap on the cuffs. From his look I gathered that a Hefly closed with a twist tie wasn't what Iceland was thinking of when it asked for a "sealed plastic bag for shipment," and as he examined Foster's note, I felt obliged to explain, "Big lax, me too."

"Not so good," the inspector said, handing the note back to me with a surprisingly engaging smile. He began to untie the bag.

I stepped back involuntarily, wondering what two days in an airtight bag with

two formaldehyde-soaked swabs might have done to my equipment. The inspector opened the bag and peered inside. He started to blink. His nostrils flared. He dropped the garbage bag and recoiled, covering his eyes. Then his entire body shuddered as he violently sneezed three times. His face went immediately from white to lobster red, and evidently he was having trouble finding oxygen.

"Oty-Ollie-Johannson!" the inspector cursed, I think. Icelandic is a pleasant sing-songy language that is spoken to the cadence of "...to fetch a pail of water." Even a curse sounds musical.

Foster clapped him on the back.

"Joh-itt, hoo-itt, huminy!" the inspector shouted. He had removed his hands from his eyes, which were tearing profusely, and was glaring at me. Then he sneezed five or six times in a row, like a little dog. Foster, who had been slapping his back at the time, seemed pleased.

"Formaldehyde," I said, feebly pointing to the regulation in the pamphlet.

"Ja, formaldehyde?" The inspector had backed well away from his desk and was pointing angrily at the garbage bag, talking rapid-fire to me in Icelandic. I gingerly retied the bag, and to my great surprise, he scowled at me for several seconds, then waved me past.

Naturally I felt terrible. Foster had thought the whole thing very funny, but I wanted to stay and apologize. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if the inspector had called for an ambulance, but after noisily blowing his nose, he went right on to the next passenger—an older woman, also a fisherman. He found her fishing gear, and I saw the woman shaking her head. No certificate, I thought. All the way to Iceland, and now they won't let her bring in her equipment. Poor old bat. Then, to my amazement, the inspector carried her rod, reel and waders about 15 feet to a tub filled with 4% formaldehyde solution. With his bare hands he dipped them in, held them under a few minutes, rinsed them, then dried them off with a towel. The lady smiled and passed through.

On her way by, the woman said to me, "Whatever did you do to that poor man?"

"I didn't do anything," I said lamely. "He wanted to smell my fishing tackle."

"I wonder why?" she snuffed. "It must smell revolting."

Foster thought the whole thing was funny as hell.

END



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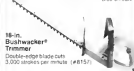
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PERSPECTIVE

by RICHARD ROBIN

LOVE OF SPORTS AND LOVE OF ONE'S CHILDREN PRODUCE A PASSIONATE FAN

I miss the stumble but what I see is the cameraman, whom I've hired at absurd expense to cover my son's high school invitational cross-country meet, rolling, as if in slow motion, down a gentle grassy slope above the one-mile mark, cradling his \$43,500 Ikegami video camera.

At that moment I am not what I consider my usual compassionate self. In a rush, I am saying to myself, "George, why are you so clumsy? Don't break that damn camera before the race has really unfolded!"

We have just shot the start, at a pleasingly artistic distance, as the broad field of runners poured down the long declining greenward, narrowing through an invisible funnel, my tall son Frankie swallowed up by the pack, until it swept off uphill to the right, out of sight. Then we jumped into an open-bed truck and jolted and careened past the girls' hockey field to the next position, where the cameraman took his tumble.

The runners are still offstage (it is almost always like that in cross-country races, which is why videotaping a meet is slightly crazy) but their imminent presence is almost unbearably palpable—at least to parents, coaches and schoolmates. We have maybe a minute to get ready—the camera is still working—before the front of the pack will be upon us. Indeed, as we run to get a good vantage, I see the runners pelting toward us, accompanied by a rising, yelping chorus of cries from the small fanatic cluster of supporters, myself included.

The rationale for my being there—aside from the mangled love that I have for my children and sports—is that you can't cheer your kids in public for their wise and witty comments in English and history classes, while you can go to the field or court and yell like mad, watching your kids at play. I never stop to justify taking an occasional day off from work,

sometimes driving as many as 250 miles round-trip to be there and make noise.

It is an old habit. When my oldest daughter, Katie, played volleyball and basketball in high school, I would shout from the stands while she almost vibrated with intensity on the court. If I were to draw her cartoon-fashion, or in a comic strip, I would encircle her body with shaky concentric lines. And the only time she ever ran in a track meet—a half-mile, in which she long-legged from third place near the end to win—legend has it that I almost tore my younger daughter Sally's arm from its socket as we dashed hand-in-hand across the field to the finish line, after cheering Katie on at



the 700-yard mark. Well, Sally did cry.

Sally is now in the ninth grade and vibrating the same way her sister did on the volleyball and basketball courts, and her legs are even longer than Katie's. She also competes on the track team in the 220, the mile and the long jump. I am almost overcome with excitement watching her run. But what I really treasure is the memory of her gritty play in seventh grade as the only girl in an all-boys' basketball league. For away games, she had to change into her uniform in the girls' bathroom. And the other team's players buzzed when they spied her long blonde hair—"It's a girl... It's a girl." She sat on the bench most of the season, but how could I ever forget her first and only basket, a soft two-handed jump shot

from about 10 feet out on the right side. Swish! And the next year, in one incredible game, she scored 18 of her all-girls' team's 20 points in a gallant losing cause. The Gunner!

But now I am at another cross-country meet, the finale of my son's senior season, the league championship. After the start, a handful of us—myself, the assistant coach and some students—trod into the woods to wait under the high, brown, leafless trees. It is absolutely quiet. So much effort is being expended by the runners offstage that I feel guilty just standing there deep in the woods, with great unease, my heart pounding unreasonably, invoking magic to bring my child (if a child can be 6' 3") up to the front of the race.

"It is the enormous probability of failure," writes Roger Angell, the graceful chronicler of baseball and other pastimes, "that gives all difficult sports their seriousness and their rare and thus splendid moments of triumph."

This is somewhat overstated—there are still satisfying gradations of "failure"—but I attend my children's sporting events with just those terrible daunting odds in mind. There is that strong chance that they and their team will fail. And it is the relief when neither takes place that is so glorious. Their efforts are not only their very best, but they turn out to be winners as well. I remember an earlier fall when I waited and waited until the last runner told

me, with great kindness, "Sir, I don't think Frankie will finish. He's O.K., though." Anguish overwhelmed succor at our reunion.

So, apprehensively, I am waiting in the silent autumn woods near the two-mile point of a 2½-mile cross-country course, waiting for my son, his teammates and the other runners to reappear 10 minutes or so after vanishing 150 yards from the start.

Suddenly, before I hear anything at all, someone shouts, "There they are!" And indeed a figure in a white shirt appears abruptly, descending a narrow twisting dirt path through the woods, and then another, and another, wearing a blue T shirt under his school singlet, 20 yards in back of the leader, a glimpsed

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PERSPECTIVE *continued*

familiar face and legs and arms—my son. They veer and plummet toward the handful of spectators, as amazed as we are, as I later found out, after the silence of the high woods, by the gathering noise.

For the quiet is now shattered, blown to bits with yells of encouragement and cheers and all kinds of hopeful deceit. "Way to go! You've got him now! He's tiring." Pleas, exhortations, demands, together with arms wheeling, fists in the air. "Go... Go... Go... Go... Gungogogogogo."

They come right by us, so close, a few feet away in the exploding woods that the runners and spectators seem almost mutually surprised by the sudden immense conspiracy of effort—their run, our cries. Frankie's weary anxious eyes, his flushed hard-working face pass by, borne before me as though painted on a heraldic shield. I suffer the almost unbearable immediacy of my son's features. And then the eternal moment is over and they are by us, their backs climbing the leaf-strewn hill into another deeper part of the woods, another invisible passage. Exhausted by fear and joy, I trot quickly up toward the track and the finish. How can he ever catch up?

There is another momentary wait until the runners come into sight once more, the three leaders almost together now at the woods' edge, my son ducking and plunging under the pines, bursting from the woods onto the track, a step or so in the lead, for the final 200 yards of cinder track. Now there are two front-runners churning down the track with Frankie barely in first, both of the runners driving their arms and legs in the race to the finish.

My shouts of encouragement are inchoate and impossible to remember an instant afterward. My son holds on, winning by a scant yard or so, the first time in his racing life that he has ever beaten anyone in a close sprinting finish. Moments later, in great joy, his mouth still frothy, Frankie exults, "My feet, they never touched the track! I just blew him away, didn't I?"

Ah, the sweetness of the pain. History. It happened. Once. Enough. Never enough.

Am I transported into absurd realms? Why not? These athletes, no matter how modestly endowed, are my children. What an intimate, privileged sharing of effort and acclaim.

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B Sports Illustrated

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 30-April 4

Compiled by MIKE DELNAGRO

PRO BASKETBALL—Three straight wins by red-hot Denver lifted the Nuggets to within half a game of first place in the Midwest Division, behind struggling San Antonio, which was written in last place. The Nuggets' victories extended their win streak to 12 games but it ended on Sunday, 140-116, at Seattle. Meanwhile, Utah, last in the Midwest and 4th-Murch, slipped to NBA season-high 18-game losing streak on April 2, by losing to Kansas City 121-118 behind Adrian Dantley's 42 points. Dantley then pointed in 40 to lead the A's over San Diego 133-104, giving the Clippers their 13th consecutive loss and 26th in 30 games. An earlier San Diego defeat, 111-109 by Pacific Division-leading Los Angeles, established the Lakers to become the fourth team to clinch a playoff spot. Among other playoff chances, Central Division leader Milwaukee went unbeaten for the week, as did Boston, pacerman in the Atlantic Division, which yielded no ground to second place Philadelphia (page 34)

BOWLING—PETE COUTURE beat Joe Benard 249-222 to win a \$110,000 PBA event in Overland Park, Kans.

GOLF—DANNY EDWARDS shot a 3-under-par 285 to win the \$300,000 Greater Greensboro Open by one stroke over Bobby Clunker.

SALLY LITTLE fired a 10-under-par 278 to finish on top at the \$100,000 Dutch Shore Invitational at Rancho Mirage, Calif. Sandra Haynie and Hollis Stacy were second, three strokes back (page 28)

GYMNASTICS—NEBRASKA beat UCLA 286.45-279.60 at Lincoln, Neb. for a record-tying fourth consecutive NCAA team championship. The undisciplined all-around title, however, was won by UCLA's PETER VIDMAR, who upset two-time champion Jim Hanning of Nebraska 11.30-11.50

HOCKEY—With two victories, a tie and a loss in the final week of the season, the Patrick Division champion New York Islanders lifted their league-leading point total to a club-record 118, seven more than runner-up Edmonton, the Smythe Division winner, and more than Montreal, which won the Adams Division. The Canadiens, however, did win their sixth trophy in seven seasons for allowing the fewest goals (225). Mostly, though, it was a season for scorers. The most goals in 18 years (6,741) were scored in the season's 540 games, and the 100-point mark was attained by a record 11 players, led by Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky at 212. And when the Islanders' Bryan Trottur scored his 50th goal in a 6-3 win over Philadelphia, the league also had a record 16 50-goal scorers. Top among them, with a record 92, was Gretzky, who also finished with a record 123 assists. Wayne's Dale Hawerchuk was the leading rookie scorer with 103 points.

HORSE RACING—TIMELY WITNESS 153.40, ridden by Jeffrey Tefft, defeated Star Gaudin by two lengths to win the \$250,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. The 3-year-old colt was timed in 1.49 for the 1 1/4 miles (page 26)

AIR FORBES won \$571, Major Venera up, best overall-Govinda Shumera by 3 1/2 lengths to win the \$484,600 Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct. The 3-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:33 1/2.

MUTTERING (511.80), Laffie Pincus up, won the \$350,700 Santa Anita Derby for 3-year-olds by a nose over fast-closing Prince Spellbound. The colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:47 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—NIKI LAUDA drove a McLaren to victory in the Grand Prix of Long Beach, Calif. He beat Keke Rosberg of Finland, driving a Williams, by 14.66 seconds.

DALL EARNBARDT, driving a Thunderbolt at an average speed of 127.954 mph, won the Rebel 500 at Darlington, S.C. He beat Cale Yarborough in a race, by half a car length.

BACON—As the NASL opened its 16th season, with the number of franchises down from 21 a year ago to

14, Tampa Bay defeated Tulsa 3-1 on two unanswered goals by Luis Fernandez. Vancouver lost 1-0 to San Diego, and Jacksonville beat Fort Lauderdale 3-0.

INDOOR SOCCER—Forward Steve Zangari scored three goals in 37 seconds, as Miami recorded two other goals in the Eastern Division-leading New York Arrows defeated Baltimore 6-6. Zangari also had one goal in the Arrows' best Buffalo 7-4 and five in a 12-3 victory over New Jersey. The 11-goal spree raised Zangari's league-leading total to 92. In the West, Wichita cut first-place St. Louis margin to three games by whipping Denver twice, 5-1 and 5-4, in overtime, while the Seawolves suffered their fourth and fifth consecutive losses, 4-2 to Kansas City, and 5-4 to Phoenix.

STEEPLECHASING—GRITTAIR, ridden by Dick Saunders, defeated Hand Outlook by 15 lengths to win the Grand National at England's Aintree racecourse. The 3-year-old gelding was one of only eight horses out of 29 starters to finish the 4 1/2-mile race.

TENNIS—BILL SCANLON beat Vitas Gerulaitis 7-5, 7-6, 1-6, 6-8, 6-4 to win a \$300,000 WCT tournament in Zurich.

IVAN LENDI, defeated Peter McNamara of Australia 6-2, 6-2, in the finals of a \$250,000 Grand Prix tournament in Frankfurt.

CIORIS EVERT (LLOYD) defeated Andrea Jaeger 6-1, 3-5 to win the \$200,000 Citiestown Cup in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

MUSKETS—AWARDED The Wade Trophy, an college basketball's best female player, 6-foot senior LISA KELLY of NCAA champion Louisville Tech.

HIBED As basketball coaches at Stanford, TOM DAVIS, 43, who had a 100-47 record in five seasons at Boston College, at Arizona, BEN LINDSEY, 42, replacing Fred Snowden, who left after amassing a 167-108 record over 10 seasons. In 16 years at Grand Canyon College, Lindsey had a 317-117 record and won two NAIA championships. At Duquesne, JIM SATALIN, 35, whose nine-season record at St. Bonaventure was 156-92, and at Texas, BOB WELTICH, 37, who had a six-season record of 83-88 at Mississippi.

TRADED by the Texas Rangers, outfielder AL OLIVER, 35, to the Montreal Expos for Third Baseman LARRY PARKER, 28, and a minor-leaguer; the San Francisco Giants, Pitcher VIDA BLAZE, 31, and a minor-leaguer, to Kansas City for pitcher RENIE MARTIN, 26, and ALLEE HAMMAKER, 24, a minor-leaguer and a player to be named later; and Pitcher DOYLE ALEXANDER, 31, to the New York Yankees for two minor-leaguers, by the New York Mets, outfielder LEE MAZZILLI, 21, to Texas for two minor-league pitchers, by the Yankees, Pitcher GENE NELSON, 21, a minor-leaguer and a player to be named later, in the Seattle Mariners for reliever SHANE RAWLEY, 26, by the Toronto Blue Jays, Third Baseman ALBERTO RODRIGUEZ, 34, to the White Sox for Outfielder-Catcher WAYNE NORDHAGEN, 33, by the Pittsburgh Pirates, Reliever VICTOR CRUZ, 24, in Texas for Shortstop NORMAN NELSON, 37, by the Houston Astros, Infielder-Catcher DAVE ROBERTS, 31, to Philadelphia for a minor-leaguer, by the Chicago White Sox, Outfielder BOBBY MOLINARO, 31, to the Chicago Cubs to complete an earlier deal.

By the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Linebacker DEWEY SELMON, 28, in the San Diego Chargers for an undrafted draft pick.

DIED Panamanian jockey AMADO CREDIBO 38, 26, of equine suffered in a split at Aqueduct.

Former welterweight champion (1927-29) JOE DUNFEE, 78, who won the World Veterans welterweight champion in 1933, became the first pair of brothers to hold world titles, after a long illness, in Baltimore.

CREDITS

6—Lynn Stetten, 26.72—Helen Klugeberg, 28.20—(Walter) Isaac, Jr. 121—Richard Masson, 28—George J. Anderson (Jr.), John Isacco, 28—John Isacco, 28—Murray Milgrom, 36—Murray Milgrom, 36—John Isacco, 49—Carl Wastus, 28—Walter (Jr.) 28—Ronald C. Mendenhall, Walter (Jr.) 28—Paul Kauter, 28—Murray Milgrom, 36.30—Walter (Jr.) 30—Peter Reed Miller, 30.100—Autographs from the Barry Fowler Collection on 181—Matthew Lewis/Washington Post.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KIM EICHRICH
DARTMOUTH

Eichrich, a freshman at Williams, led the Ephraim to the NCAA Division III swimming title with wins in the 50-, 100- and 200-yard breaststroke and the 100 and 200 IM. She also won on the winning 200 and 400 freestyle relay teams.



JAMES TATE
NORTH LA VERGNE, TENN.

Tate, a senior left wing and senior forward on the Nashville High soccer team, led the Rams to a 76-31 record and four straight state titles. A starter for four years, he scored 119 goals and was the Southern Conference MVP each year.



ED MATHER
BIRMINGHAM, N.J.

Mather, 52, an English teacher, has a dual-meet record of 178-3 in 18 years as cross-country coach at Bernards High. The Mountaingers have won 14 Group I state titles, and their dual-meet win streak, dating from 1969, stands at 122.



IAN FRIESZINSKI
MELB, VA.

Ian, a senior at Langley High, won the Georgetown 10-km. run with a time of 32:43 and finished second in the Virginia state championship two-mile run with a 9:24. He is the son of Zbigniew Brzezinski, former National Security Advisor.



CARA PRIDDY
KENTON, N. ME.

Cara, 17, a 6'2 1/2" center who averaged 36.9 points per game for the Kentland Central girls' basketball team, led the Braves to a 26-1 record and their third straight AAA state title. She was named AAA girls' Player of the Year for the third time.



DAN GUINLAN
BIRMINGHAM, AL

Guinlan, 31, established a world record for distance skied in a 24-hour period. In 23 hours, 41 minutes and 25 seconds on a 4,662-km. loop, he covered 290.8 km., surpassing the mark of 280.9 set by Abis Nergado of Finland in 1977.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NORTH CAROLINA, PAST AND PRESENT
Sir

Thank you for the wonderful article on the University of North Carolina's 1956-57 championship basketball team (*A Team That Was Blessed*, March 29). As a sophomore at Carolina, I can certainly appreciate Frank Deford's well-written story. And now, on the 25th anniversary of that team's victory, Carolina has done it again (*Nothing Could Be Finer*, April 5). Dean Smith has gotten the national championship he so richly deserved, and he has also proved that the good guys can win.

LANGLEY REMPESS
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

As a boy in love with sport, I marked the days of the week from the time I had last found my SI in our mailbox. Fifteen years later, as an English teacher and a coach in search of the meaning of sport, I count the issues between pieces by Frank Deford.

My thanks to Deford for his loving treatment of Coach Frank McGuire and the championship team of '57, and for showing us how sport has helped its tallest and most misunderstood "loser," Wilt Chamberlain, grow even larger in becoming a true winner, a man at peace with himself.

RANDY E. LAWRENCE
Marion, Ohio

Sir

Kudos to Frank Deford. It was extremely gratifying to read about athletes who have been as successful off the court as they were on it. However, the most pleasing aspect of this article was the portrayal of Wilt Chamberlain in his true light. He is a talented and intelligent man who should never have been considered a loser in any sense of the word. Besides being the only man ever to lead the NBA in scoring, rebounding and assists, he also was on two pro championship teams, which is more than many of the greats can say. Chamberlain will always be considered a

winner by anyone with the remotest knowledge of basketball and life.

GLENN B. KAUFFMAN
Weymouth, Mass.

Sir

Never have I read a story as insightful, warm and human as *A Team That Was Blessed*. Frank Deford has a blessed talent. He should receive an award for this piece.

MARK F. WURZBACHER
Beltsville, Md.

MITS...

Sir

Considering the criticism SI receives when its preseason picks are off the mark, I think it's only fair to point out a preseason selection that was correct. I would ask the readers to go back and look at the cover of your 1981-82 College Basketball issue (Nov. 30). Printed in bold green-and-white letters are the words NORTH CAROLINA IS NO. 1. Congratulations!

ROBERT LEWIS
Canton, Ohio

continued

FOLLOW THE NHL PLAYOFFS ON USA!

DIVISION SEMI FINALS	DIVISION FINALS	CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIPS	STANLEY CUP CHAMPIONSHIP	STANLEY CUP CHAMPION
Minnesota North Stars				
St. Louis Blues				
Winnipeg Jets				
Chicago Black Hawks				
Edmonton Oilers				
Los Angeles Kings				
Calgary Flames				
Vancouver Canucks				
Montreal Canadiens				
Quebec Nordiques				
Boston Bruins				
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The latest estimate is that alcoholism costs U.S. business some \$19 billion a year.

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Our counsellors listen and refer the caller to someone nearby who can help.

Since it began, this ITT program has come to the aid of several thousand of our people.

Most of them, we're glad to report, have been helped back to productive, even happier lives.

And equally to the point, most are still with us.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people.

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Jeff Brett



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19TH HOLE continued

... AND MISSES

Sir:

Having read your magazine for many years and having found few, if any, typos, I was interested to note the one in the LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (March 29) on Jeremiah Tax, the "final reader" of each issue before it is printed. You say that he reads "almost" every word. Apparently, "basekball" is the one that got away. Murphy's—or somebody's—Law must cover this situation.

Bob Foss

Madison, Wis.

• Murphy's Law will do just fine, but don't blame Tax. He was away on vacation that week.—ED.

THE TPG

Sir:

The Tournament Players Championship (The Last One In Is A Winner, March 29) showed golf to be the humbling game that it is. I was disappointed in the comments of Jack Nicklaus, Fuzzy Zoeller, John Mahaffey, Tom Watson and others who did poorly in this tournament and reacted by criticizing the course. I applaud Jerry Pate for his tremendous achievement and for possessing the heart, brains and courage that the ungracious losers seemed to have left at home. Course architect Pete Dye and Tour Commissioner Deane Beman are also to be admired for their creative genius, in spite of the objections.

Dennis R. Cafferty

New Castle, Del.

Sir:

Jerry Pate's custom of leaping into lakes after winning major tournaments brings up an interesting question: Should Pate win the U.S. Open, which will be held at Pebble Beach this year, will he drive into Carmel Bay? I hope not!

Mark Semes

Millford, Conn.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE ALOUETTES

Sir:

In your article on the Montreal Alouettes (For Allen This Is Alien Territory, March 15) you said, "Last week Bruce Allen went over the figures with an accountant from Price Waterhouse...."

Please be advised that Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co is the auditor for the present owners of the Montreal Alouettes and that the meeting in question was held with a representative of this firm and not the one referred to in the article.

David A. Spencer

Partner

Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co
Montreal

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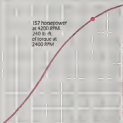
this with a special handling suspension and you have a car with the kind of snap that some people thought was gone forever.

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Once you're strapped into Mustang GT's fully reclining low-back bucket seats you'll monitor full instrumentation: speedometer, tachometer, oil pressure and temperature gauges, and more. Then, go for full-dress style by choosing options like T-roof, leather-wrapped steering wheel, and

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The word is on the street. The Boss is back.



*Net vehicle horsepower and torque as measured by SAE standard J245

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Kent	12	1.0		Kent 100's	14	1.2	
Winston Lights	11	0.9		Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9	
Marlboro	16	1.0		Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1	
Salem	14	1.1		Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9	
Kool Mids	11	0.9		Salem 100's	15	1.1	
Newport	16	1.2		Marlboro 100's	16	1.1	
TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT							
Carlton Kings	Less than 0.5	0.1					
Carlton Menthol	Less than 0.5	0.1					
				Carlton Box 100's	Less than 0.5	0.1	

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